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SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.

Do it now! Begin! Begin! You
"Mean to." That won't take you far;
If the thing is there and in you,
Show us what you are!

Future statesman, preacher, poet,
Playwright, leader of the bar—
You may, but we do not know it.
Show us what you are!

Leave off dreaming, "if" and "and"-ing,
Gazing at a distant star;
The world's not waiting while you're standing:
Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working;
Take a task to make or mar;
Fame nor wealth are won by shirking;
Show us what you are!

If you're abler, nobler, stronger
Than the rest of us by far,
Don't just think so any longer;
Show us what you are!

—Arthur Grundy in Yankee Blade.

AT LEDGE LIGHT.

One stormy night in November Skipper Colby gave an extra turn to the stout rope which fastened his boat to the little wharf. Then he looked up at the revolving light on the high tower. "Aye! Flash away! Do your best to tell the poor fellows out yonder to keep away from such a treacherous coast as this!"

Before he started for the little weather stained house by the tower he turned his face once more toward the black, tossing water. "It's going to be a wild night," he muttered. "It's lucky I came back when I did. If I'd waited much longer, 't would ha' been out o' the power o' mortal man to ha' rounded the P'int alive."

Ledge light stood on a long strip of rocky beach jutting far out into the ocean. The ceaseless lashing of the waves had worn the little neck of land away in the narrowest part, but the gap was spanned by a wide wooden bridge. This way of getting to the town on the coast was but little used, however, except in the roughest weather. On all other occasions the people at the light found it much easier to make the trip by water. A short distance seaward was a dark line of reefs known as the Backbone. At flood tide it was covered, but the ebbing of the waves left the cruel outline in plain sight. Before the light had been placed there many a gallant ship had been driven by the wind on the reef and dashed to pieces.

As the skipper stood there looking out to sea he heard the booming of the surf, and in the fading light he could just make out the white line of angry breakers. He turned away, and had nearly reached the little house by the tower when the door was thrown open and the ruddy firelight streamed outside, showing the figure of a gray haired woman and of a slight young girl peering out anxiously in the fast gathering gloom.

"Where's Meg?" broke from their lips at the same time.

"Safe and sound! For some reason the school board put off examining the teachers until tomorrow, and Meg concluded to stay over night. Whew! How the wind howls!" and the old man hastily drew wife and daughter in the house as a fierce gust swept across the narrow beach and slammed the door behind them.

"Do you suppose Meg will get the place?"

"Can't say, Peggy. But I'm sure of one thing—if they take her, she'll make a good teacher, for her heart is mostly in her books."

Meggy and Peggy were the lightkeeper's twin daughters. So much alike were they that strangers could scarcely tell them apart; but on watching them closely one could see that Meg's laugh was the merrier, and that she carried herself a little more proudly than shy little Peggy. She was, moreover, the better scholar of the two, and the ease with which she kept at the head of her class made the old skipper very happy.

But Peggy liked better to busy herself about the house, while there was nothing in the way of patching, darning and sewing which her quick fingers could not do.

On the day following the storm the skipper sat by the fire mending some nets, while Mrs. Colby and Peggy began the preparations for the simple evening meal. The fury of the wind had spent itself during the night and the dangerous waves had subsided. Peggy glanced often at the little clock on the shelf. "Will you watch the coffee, mother, while I see if Meg is coming?"

She threw a shawl over her shoulders and ran down to the wharf, where she stood watching a small black speck off the "Point." In a few moments she was able to make out Meg, who was pulling for the shore with strong, steady stroke. The boat shot up to the landing and the young girl sprang out. One look at her sorrowful face answered the question trembling on Peggy's lips. "Oh, Meg! You dear, darling Meg! You didn't get it after all."

"Never mind, Peggy! Perhaps it's all for the best."

Meg's chin quivered, her large brown eyes filled with tears, and dropping down on a stone that lay by the wharf she covered her face with her hands, while Peggy knelt by her side trying to comfort her.

"It isn't only losing the place—it's the unfairness that hurts me so. Bertha Day's papers were the only ones that had a higher mark than mine. You see, they had an examination down at the city about a month ago, and they used the same set of papers that we did. Bertha found it out, and went there and took the examination just as if she was trying for a teacher's place. She couldn't pass, but she knew just what the questions were to be, and she's been studying on them all this while."

"Then she's a thief, and she really stole the place from you!" Peggy's anger blazed out fiercely. "Didn't you tell them of it?"

"It would have been a waste of breath! Her father and uncle are both members of the school board, you know."

"And you need the money and she doesn't, for her father's well off. Oh, the meanness and the dishonesty of the rich! Why, Meg, ever since I can remember she's always been saying or doing some hateful thing to us. When we two shy little tots first went to school she made us cry by laughing at our old fashioned clothes and poking fun at dear father and mother, and she has kept up her proud, disagreeable ways and her sneering ever since."

Meg rose to her feet. "I was so sure of the place," she murmured brokenly. "Oh, dear! Everything looked so bright when I went away yesterday morning, and now it's all dark and dreary as it is out yonder," and she pointed to the dull leaden sky and gray stretch of water.

Peggy crept close to her side and threw one arm around her in a close embrace.

"It can't be all dark and dreary so long as we have each other," she said. "I am only sorry for your sake, dear Meg. For my own part I am glad—oh, so glad! I shall not be awake any more nights dreading your going away. There's nothing now to come between us."

"You're right, Peggy. Whatever happens it can't be very dark and dreary while we have each other."

The two sisters stood there on the wharf, with their hands closely clasped and their sweet young faces looking out to sea, while the day melted into the somber twilight, and the cool, gray mist drifted over the island. Suddenly Peggy's eyes opened, and an expression of pain—as if she had seen some terrible vision—passed over her face, and she turned with a sharp cry:

"Oh. Meg! darling Meg! What should I do if anything should happen to you?"

And Meg, stooping over her tenderly, said:

"Peggy, sister, we'll hope that when God takes us he will take us as he brought us, together. And if he does not, why then, if I was in heaven, I am sure he would let me still be near to help and comfort you. Even death could not separate us."

The long winter had passed, and now the warm April sunshine had come again, and the white sails once more dotted the blue waters.

One morning word was brought that the lightkeeper's mother, good grandmother Colby, who lived several miles down the coast, was ill with rheumatism. The skipper and his wife prepared to go to her at once. "It looks pleasant enough now," he said to Meg, scanning the sky anxiously, "but I shouldn't be noways surprised if it blows pretty lively afore night. And it's about time for the big spring tide. If it should come you'll get along all right; it's never but once blew high enough to cover the path 'twixt here and the tower, an' 'tain't noways likely that 'twill now; but in case it should happen all you've got to do is to watch, and take a bit of food and go into the tower, so that you can see to the light, and then wait till the tide turns."

In the morning the girls busied themselves with the housework. After dinner they found a sheltered nook, and sat down on the rocks in the sunshine. About 3 o'clock the sky became suddenly overcast, and little puffs of wind came skurrying across the water. "Listen," said Meg, as they started to go in the house; "do you hear the moaning of the Backbone? It's a sure sign of a storm."

During the two hours that followed the wind steadily increased, driving the waves with a sullen roar on the little beach. When Meg went to start the light she found that the mist had given place to rain, and she heard the thunder of the surf on the Backbone. She had just returned to the kitchen when a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door two girls, with pale faces and clothing drenched with rain, crowded shivering into the room. They were Bertha Day and the daughter of a wealthy gentleman who had boarded with the Days for two summers past.

"For mercy's sake hurry, and get us some dry clothing," said Bertha ungraciously.

Meg's brow clouded, but she neither stirred nor spoke.

"Don't stand staring there! It's stupid! Can't you see that we're half dead with the cold? Miss Howard's father had to come to East Creek on business connected with the new railroad, and he brought her with him. It was so pleasant this morning that we two girls rowed over to 'the cliff.' We didn't notice how rough the water had grown until we started to go home, and got out into the bay and saw the whitecaps all around us. It was a mercy that we were not swamped in trying to row ashore. Then we started to walk to East Creek, but the wind blew so furiously that it seemed to take all our strength. I don't know what we should have done if it had not been for the 'light' here," she continued, addressing her companion. "There isn't another house on the whole road. These girls," and she turned toward the twins contemptuously, "are the lightkeeper's daughters. I used to go to school with them."

The insolent words brought a flush to the stranger's cheek. "I am sorry to trouble you," she said, touching Meg's arm gently, "but I should be so glad of some dry clothing. I take cold so easily."

Meg's face cleared instantly, and in a few moments the two visitors, in dry garments, sat by the fire eating the food which Peggy placed before them. "Listen!" exclaimed Miss Howard, rising from the chair. "Did you ever hear such a storm? It's frightful."

The wind was howling dismally around the house and rattling the blinds, while the rain was driving in sheets against the window panes.

"Isn't the tide very high?" asked Bertha. "I remember when we came over the bridge behind the house that the water was nearly up to the planks."

Meg started quickly for the door.

"I never knew that to happen before," she said. "Hand me my waterproof, Peggy. I'll run into the tower once more to make sure that everything is right for the night."

In a few moments she came back, pale and breathless.

"The water is nearly up to the doorsteps. I can't go to the tower, and it's overflowed behind the house too. If I had only watched as father told me!"

Under her directions the three girls hastily gathered the few valuables of the house and carried them up to the sister's room on the second story. And they did not get to work any too soon, for by the time they took up the last load a small stream of water had forced its way under the door and ran gurgling across the room.

The hours of the night wore wearily on, but Meg was so hopeful and calm that she helped to keep up the courage of the others. She paid several visits to the hall, and each time came back more sober and thoughtful, but she said not a word. The water was already half way up to the second floor.

She remembered with a shudder how old and frail the house was. "If it will only hold out," she thought. The last time she went out she found that the water had gained on them. Slowly but surely it was climbing upward. But there was this to be thankful for—the wind had abated somewhat and the rain had ceased.

When she returned she said to her guests: "Lie down; you need rest more than we do. If there is any danger I will call you."

She took down her little Bible from a shelf, and opening it began to read where her eye chanced to rest. Strangely enough, it was the forty-sixth Psalm, and her voice grew unsteady as she read:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Then she knelt, and in a sweet, clear voice repeated the Lord's prayer, the other girls joining her with sobs and broken utterance.

Bertha and Miss Howard soon fell into a light doze. Meg sat quietly, holding Peggy's hand in hers. "Peggy," she said earnestly, "if the water gets much higher we must go on the roof. It is about on a level with the second landing on the lower stairs. The window is never fastened, and we can open it easily from outside, and the window ledge is very broad. You know the ladder that leads up to the opening in the roof? It's long enough to reach across. You see, don't you? We must use it as a bridge and crawl over! Once in the tower we are safe from the highest tide. I wish we could have got there before."

Peggy started, as a strange quiver like a tremor ran through the house. In an instant Meg was by the bed arousing the sleepers. "It is the house, Peggy! I thought I felt it before, but I was not sure. One or two more rockings like that and it will be all over with us!"

The four frightened girls climbed up hurriedly through the skylight, and drew up the ladder after them. As they stepped out upon the roof the moon struggled through a rift in the clouds, and the flashes of the great light showed them on all sides a dreary waste of water. Nothing else was visible save the tall, white tower close beside them.

Meg crept to the edge of the roof, and with Peggy's help shoved the ladder out by the fitful flashes until it rested firmly on the stone ledge of the tower window. "Now go," she said, reassuringly, to Miss Howard. "Don't be afraid. Hold fast to the sides of the ladder and feel your way on your knees from round to round. Then wait for a flash and raise the window."

After a few moments of suspense the young girl reached the tower safely. Then it was Bertha's turn, but she had to be urged and scolded and threatened by turns, until Meg lost patience. "You are wasting precious time—and perhaps lives," she said solemnly, as there was another quivering of the house under them.

"Meg, go yourself. Don't wait for her," cried Peggy, beside herself with fear.

But Meg seized Bertha by the arm and forced her out on the ladder, and she, too, managed to make the passage safely.

"Now, Peggy, it's your turn."

The young girl drew back. "Not before you!" but the sound of Meg's resolute voice silenced her. Grasping the sides of the ladder, she worked her way cautiously over, but as her feet touched the window ledge she felt a sudden dipping of the frail bridge, and house, ladder and Meg sank out of sight in an instant, and the only answer to her despairing cry, "Meg! Oh, Meg!" was the mad rush of the cruel waters.

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In the handsome new stone church in the village is a magnificent stained glass window, placed there by Mr. Howard in memory of Meg. A small marble tablet underneath tells the simple story of the young girl's heroism. At the bottom of the window, in quaint lettering, are the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Peggy goes to church regularly, but it is not when it is filled with crowds of richly dressed summer visitors that she finds the most comfort. She likes it best when it is quiet and deserted.

Sometimes when the organist is practicing he catches a glimpse of a slight young girl gliding into the church and standing for a moment with eyes uplifted to the beautiful window. Then the black robed little figure kneels quietly in the corner of a pew, and the many colored light falls upon the fair young head resting on the clasped hands. And kneeling there, with the peaceful stillness broken only by the deep, solemn tones of the organ echoing beneath the fretted roof, Peggy feels that Meg is not very far off. Even death cannot separate them.—True Flag.

Trade Marks.

Men show a slavish devotion to trade marks. They buy a particular brand of flour, and no flour appears of any value unless it is got in a certain colored paper bag, with a well known name written in blue ink across the front. They do not seek the best flour, but the kind which has a peculiar trade mark pasted on the cover.

On the same principle that mankind buys its food, it chooses its clothes, furnishes its house, and reads its books. It dares not trust its own judgment; it follows the crowd; it declines to respect any merit except that of popularity.

Is the book you praise by So-and-so? In that case of course it must be good, and it is necessary to read it. No? By Such-a-one? Ah! who is Such-a-one? If there is anything worth reading in his book, you may depend he has copied it from So-and-so. Why, nobody ever heard of him before! How is it possible for a thing to be excellent which lacks the stamp of fashionable approval?

Why should not "Such-a-one's" thought be as good as "So-and-so's?" Truth is no respecter of persons. One of his arrows may sink as deeply into the heart of Hobbs, the carpenter, as into the heart of the wisest philosopher. Is not a saying true or a truth immortal unless there is written at the beginning, "Emerson says," or printed at the end, "By Shakespeare?"

So-and-so once was obscure. He worked his way to the goal with the same difficulty that Such-a-one finds. It is true he reached it, while thousands of Such-a-ones fall to the ground. Yet the utterances of these may have been as wise and their thoughts as noble. By and by, when Such-a-one has gained a few friends, the best of men will press, each eager to be first to do him honor. Yet his voice may have become less ringing, and his words not so thrilling as they are today. To recognize the truth, and not merely the authority for the truth, is a rare virtue. Few there are who possess it.—Harper's Bazar.

Wolsey's Way of Living.

Of the state maintained in the early years of the Sixteenth century by some of the great ecclesiastics, let Cardinal Wolsey's household furnish an example. Three boards were daily spread in his hall, wherever he might be resident. At the head of the first sat a priest as steward. At the head of the second, a knight as treasurer, and at the head of the third, an esquire as controller. The kitchen establishment was liberally organized, consisting of a master cook, whose daily dress was either velvet or satin, with a gold chain as his badge of office. Two under cooks and six assistants, or laborers, as they were called, besides two clerks as controllers, and a surveyor over the dressers.

In the hall kitchen were two cooks and twelve laborers and children; the spicery was superintended by a clerk; the pastry was served by two yeomen and two paste layers, the scullery by four scullions, besides one yeoman and two grooms. There were a yeoman and a groom in the larder; two yeomen and two grooms in the buttery; the same in the ewery; three yeomen and three pages in the cellar, and two yeomen in the chandlery.

The list is not yet complete. We must add two yeomen in the wafery; a master of the wardrobe, with twenty assistants, or "male chambermaids," in the bedroom department; a yeoman and groom, thirteen pages, two yeoman purveyors and a groom purveyor in the laundry. Then in the bakehouse, two yeomen and grooms; one yeoman and groom in the woodyard; one yeoman in the garner, and two yeomen and two grooms as porters at the gate.—All the Year Round.

THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.

It Is an Interesting Country, but Little Known to Americans.

The republic of Paraguay has hitherto been one of the least known of the South American states. Situated in the heart of the continent, and communicating with the sea only by the intermediary of the Parana river, it has remained a far away country, forgotten, unvisited, unexplored. And yet in the old days its territory was the center of all the operations of the Europeans on the Atlantic coast of America.

During the early period of the Spanish occupation the settlers found hospitality in Paraguay sooner than on the more accessible banks of the river Plate, while its fertility, climate and geographical position recommended it to the Jesuits for the establishment of their "reductions," and for the essay of a system of communism which gave admirable results from the point of view of collective felicity. During 200 years the settlements of the Jesuits prospered. In 1764 the order was expelled; when the architects left it, the communistic edifice, within whose pleasant precincts the native Guarani population had learnt the elements of a simple and almost idyllic civilization, fell into ruins, and the whole country and the people quickly declined.

In the beginning of the present century, when the independence movement deprived the crown of Spain of its American colonies, Paraguay did not join in the generous and co-operative work of liberty, but shut itself up within its frontiers, trusting to its wealth and wishing to owe nothing to its neighbors. This policy was that of the dictator Francia and of his successors, Lopez I and Lopez II, whose despotic rule from the beginning of the century up to 1870 was virtually a continuation of the Jesuit system of state communism, minus the religious and recreative elements.

Critics who persist in considering universal suffrage to be the last word of political science have severely condemned these despots. The fact, however, remains that under their rule Paraguay reached a high degree of wealth and material well being, and threatened to assume a supremacy which alarmed its neighbors. The result of this uneasiness and jealousy was the war of the triple alliance of Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine against Paraguay, which began in 1864 and lasted five years, ending in the ruin of the latter country and the almost complete annihilation of the young and adult male population, and leaving in the land none but women and aged men.

Of the riches and prosperity of Paraguay there remained no vestiges. The army and fleet were destroyed. Ruin and misery were on all sides. The conquerors had only to divide the spoils after Lopez died, with arms in his hands, at Cerro Cora on March 1, 1870. The Paraguayans fought like heroes, and when, from want of men, they could fight no longer, a handful of patriots met at Asuncion, formed a triumvirate, resisted the pressure of the allies in the sphere of diplomacy, signed a treaty of peace and on Aug. 15, 1870, opened a constituent assembly, which established the new constitutional chart.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Uncle Si's Steer.

Uncle Si runs what is known in the south as a "one mule farm." From general improvidence he is unable to buy a mule or the necessary feed for one. So he does—or did, rather—his plowing and hauling with a great, gaunt red steer named Bonaparte, appropriately shortened by Si to Bony, said steer finding his subsistence in the grass of the woods.

Not long ago Si's former mistress and present landlady saw him in front of his cabin with Bonaparte standing under, or more properly leaning against, a tree. A rope was tied around the steer's neck and fastened to a limb of the tree, so that his head was drawn well up. Si, standing on a stump, upon which was also a bucket filled with greasy rags, held the steer's mouth open with one hand, while with the other he was pushing down the creature's throat one of the rags rolled into a ball.

"What in the world are you doing Si?" exclaimed the lady.

"Givin' Ole Bony a new cud. He dun los' his'n," answered Si, gravely proceeding to roll up another ball. "Dat's what make him so po'," he added.

"Suppose you give him some corn," suggested the lady, scanning Bony's ribs and backbone.

"Critters can't eat cawn when dey ain't got no cud," replied Si.

Negroes all think that the ability to ruminate or chew the cud is the result of possessing an organ that somehow floats around loose, and which the animal can lose, and then have it restored by forcing greasy dishrags down the throat.

The lady finding Si not to be reasoned with in the matter left him, but inquired a few days later as to Bony's condition.

"He dun dade," was the sententious reply.

"The dishrags didn't cure him?"

"No'm. Ole Bony wuz too fur gone to make a new cud out'n 'im."—New York Herald.

History of Coffee Drinking.

While coffee (coffea arabica) now figures as one of the most considerable economic products, its use as an article of food in civilized countries is of comparatively recent origin. In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee plant is indigenous, the people have been accustomed to decoctions from its berries from time immemorial. There the Arabs first tasted the fragrant draught; and, highly delighted therewith, transported some of the precious beans to their own country about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In Arabia the new exotic flourished luxuriantly, and, strangely enough, entered into the occasions of religious controversy.

Legend reports that a devout Moslem, who had heard of the wakeful effect produced upon browsing goats by its foliage, resolved to try what influence a brewing from its berries might have upon the somnolent dervishes who nonchalantly fell asleep during the protracted services. The result was magical. Drowsy laymen followed their example. Coffee became the national beverage of the faithful. Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca carried beans to all lands whence they had come.

Egypt soon rejoiced in coffee houses, and in Constantinople (A. D. 1554) they acquired instant popularity. Mosques were overshadowed by them. Quickened wits of drinkers suggested intoxication to the religious, and political insubordination to the civil authorities. The former denounced the dangerous resorts and the latter shut them up. But the beverage triumphed.—Richard Wheatley in Harper's Weekly.

The Way of Life.

Ned (at the club)—Where's Tom? He is generally in time.

Fred—Tom's chair will be empty for some days. He bought a bicycle yesterday. Then he thought it would be such a pleasure to be able to ride. Now he writes it would be such a pleasure to be able to walk.—Exchange.

The Brave Marquis.

A regiment once marched into Perigueux to take up quarters there, and the whole town was out to see the soldiers enter. The citizens crowded out into the line of march. "Drive them back!" commanded the colonel. Most of the spectators shrank away. Only one man remained immovable—a great, white haired man, with crossed arms, defiant mien, and a contemptuous smile on his lips. He was the Marquis Marie de Sainte-Maria. A captain, named Roland, tapped him on the breast with the handle of his sword. Marie de Sainte-Maria snatched the sword, snapped it over his knee and threw the bits in Roland's face. A hand to hand fight followed. The marquis was arrested and confined in his hotel under a guard of three soldiers.

He remained there five days, and then learned that at 4 o'clock on the following morning the regiment, with Captain Roland, would march away. To get his satisfaction he must hunt Roland down like a fox, and he resolved to do it. Early in the morning he climbed up the chimney of the room in which he was imprisoned, over five roofs, and down the scuttle of the house of a friend. He swallowed a glass of wine, put a chicken bone in his pocket, got a sword and a horse and galloped off toward the cross roads which the regiment must pass on its way to Paris. He arrived there at 5 o'clock.

He dismounted, threw off his great coat, rolled up his sleeves, unsheathed his sword, and stood still in the middle of the Paris road. The regiment marched into sight presently, but the marquis did not move. It came within speaking distance, and he still stood motionless, sword in hand. The first line of the regiment was but a few rods away, but the marquis did not even move an eyelash. "So far and no further," every line in his face said. The soldiers hesitated and halted. The marquis shouted one word, "Roland." "Forward, Captain Roland!" commanded the colonel, and the captain stood before the marquis, sword in hand. Ten passes and the marquis had his sword through Roland's heart. He withdrew it, wiped it carefully, rolled down his sleeves, threw on his big coat and rode away to Perigueux.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Difficulties of Agricultural Experiments.

The lack of suitable men has not been the only drawback to the work of the younger stations. Two clauses in the act passed by congress allowing only $3,000 of the first and $750 of each succeeding appropriation to be used for buildings, and requiring that from the very first at least four bulletins a year be issued, while ultimately it may prove of advantage to them, has certainly tended at first to bring them no praise. It was supposed that the states would furnish buildings, but unfortunately some of them furnished either inadequate ones or none at all, and in one or two instances even the annual appropriation which the state had previously given to the agricultural college was abolished.

The fact that quarterly bulletins were required by law, whether the station had valuable matter on hand or not, coupled with the fact that in many instances men wholly new to the business had to write them, tended at first to distribute more or less matter of questionable value. As the bulletins have general circulation among the class for which they are intended only in the state in which they were issued, many states necessarily sent out some compilations on the same topics which, to all practical purposes, were duplicates of each other. Bulletins, too, had to be written in popular style, in order that they might be understood by men whose education, in too many instances, had been limited to the winter district school.

If it be also remembered that these newly formed stations have been organized scarcely three years, and have not been in working order for that length of time; that they are going through the same trials as the older stations have had; that they have to break down the prejudices of many farmers, as the older stations have largely done; and that they were popularly expected to show in a few months results equal to those which even the German experiment stations have conquered only after years of strict application, with the aid of the best scientists of that scientific nation—it cannot be wondered at that these newborn stations have in several instances fallen short of what was expected of them.—Professor Charles L. Parsons in Popular Science Monthly.

Old Time Quadroon Balls in New Orleans.

On entering, the guard, in full uniform, conducted us to a side room, where another guard examined us from head to foot to see if we had arms, and while undergoing this inspection I had an opportunity of surveying the premises. I saw stored away fully a barrel of weapons of all descriptions and sizes, numbered and labeled, such as dirks, stilettos, pistols, bowie knives, sharp and strong enough to cleave a man in two at one blow. Getting our tickets we were ushered into the ballroom up stairs, where several hundred men and women were waltzing to a band of music.

Everything was conducted in the [illegible] orderly manner, and I was struck with the precision of these women in their waltzes and dances. Coming from a mixed race famous for it, as they were all French and Spanish, many of them fairly equaled the renowned Carmencita in abandon and action. The partners of these dusky damsels were, of course, white.

The colored gentry were entirely excluded; all others had access to these balls upon payment of two dollars to three dollars, according to seats in the boxes or galleries, which were generally filled by strangers, who visited New Orleans from all parts of the world, which in a measure accounts for the quantity of arms taken from them.

The colored ladies partook of the color of the Indian and conducted themselves properly. They were indulged in ices, lemonade and sherbets, and all they seemed to care for was the dance and the waltz, in which they excelled.—Cor. Louisville Courier Journal.

A Remarkable Find.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Lyman Abbott and some other women were speaking of remarkable cases in which lost articles had been found. Mrs. Beecher said: "The most extraordinary case I ever heard of happened many years ago. One day Mr. H. B. Claflin came to our house to see Mr. Beecher. While he was talking to him he happened to put his hand up to his shirt bosom and found that he had lost a diamond pin. It was early in the winter and there was snow on the ground. Mr. Beecher went out with him and, following the direction Mr. Claflin had taken, they made diligent search, but could get no trace of it.

"Mr. Claflin gave it up as lost, although he offered a reward for its recovery. The following spring, when the snow was thawing, Mr. Claflin was again on his way to our house, and when within a few yards of it he saw something glistening on the sidewalk. He picked it up and it was the identical pin he had lost. I think that was a most extraordinary case."—Brooklyn Eagle.

POISONS FOR ARROWS.

The Various Queer Ways in Which They Were Obtained by Savage Peoples.

"The use of poisoned arrows is undoubtedly of very ancient origin," said Dr. W. J. Hoffman. "They are believed to have been employed in Europe in prehistoric times, and later on, according to Aristotle, Strabo and Pliny, the Celts and Gauls envenomed their shafts with the juice of a plant of the genus hellebore. The Scythians prepared arrow poison by mixing serpent venom with the serum of putrid blood, and other instances are recorded in literature of peoples in the Black sea and in Asia Minor who practiced similar arts.

"The Ainos of Japan prepare a poison for spreading upon bamboo or metal arrow points to kill game with, a small portion of flesh about the wound being cut out before the animal is cooked and eaten. In Java, Borneo, New Guinea, and other of the East India islands the same practice obtains to a considerable extent. The poisoning of arrows prevails extensively in Africa, particularly on the west coast, in the Gaboon, among the Somali, and with the Bushmen. By the Bushmen the juice of a plant is used, mixed with the pulp of a venomous worm.

"The best known and most active of poisons is the woorara or 'urari' of South America. It is chiefly used for the tips of darts blown from the blowgun, and the most imporant ingredient is the juice of the plant from which strychnine is obtained, to which is added certain other vegetable elements and serpent venom. In Central America poisons are also employed on arrows and blowgun darts. The Caribs employed a poison made from the sap of a tree called the 'mancenilles.' The antidote was the application to the wound of what we know as 'arrowroot.'

"The Seris of northwestern Mexico prepared poison by putting into the ground a cow's liver, rattlesnakes, scorpions, centipedes and other unpleasant things and beating them with a stick. Into the mixtures the arrow points were dipped. The Apaches and neighboring tribes were until recently in the habit of smearing upon their arrows a composition said to consist of decomposed deer's liver and rattlesnake venom. In some instances crushed red ants are also reported to have been used. A microscopic examination of such a coating upon arrows obtained from Apaches in 1871 showed the presence of blood and a crystalline substance that was apparently rattlesnake venom. The venom of serpents retains its poisonous properties, when dried, indefinitely. One instance of poisoning by such an arrow mentioned to me was that of a man whose wound was a mere scratch on the shoulder blade, but previous to death, which ensued, the flesh of the man's back fell off, exposing the ribs and spine in several places.

"The Shoshone and Bannock Indians state that the proper way to poison arrows, as formerly practiced by them, is to secure a deer and cause it to be bitten by a rattlesnake, immediately after which the victim is killed, and the meat removed and placed in a hole in the ground. When the mass has become putrid the arrow points are dipped into it. The Clallams of Puget Sound used to make arrow points of copper, which were afterward dipped in sea water and permitted to corrode. I have never met an Indian who would admit the use of poisoned arrows in warfare against man. In nearly all instances when poisons are prepared by Indians the operation is performed with more or less ceremony, chanting and incantation for the purpose of invoking evil spirits or demons. In their belief the effects of poison are due wholly to the presence in them of malevolent spirits or demons, which enter the body of the victim and destroy life."—Washington Star.

"Chivalrous!"

An exciting story of the rescue from drowning of a Japanese, by an Englishman whose life the Japanese himself had set out to save, is told in a Japanese paper, The Kobe Shimbun. The Englishman was a resident of Tokio. Being on his way to Yokohama, and finding no ferryboat, owing to the swollen state of the river, he determined to swim across with his clothing in a bundle tied on his head.

The daring attempt attracted a crowd of sightseers, one of whom, observing that the stranger was apparently in difficulty, plunged in and swam to his rescue. The Japanese was a good swimmer, but the waters ran swiftly, his strength gave out and he was carried down stream. Then arose a cry from the spectators, for they saw that the Japanese was going to sink.

By this time the Englishman had almost reached the opposite bank, but when he heard the cries of the crowd he turned about, and seeing the drowning Japanese, he again faced the current, and coming up with the drowning man, caught him with one arm and swimming with the other hand he brought him ashore amid the cheers of the crowd.

"How chivalrous was his action!" exclaims the Japanese journalist in conclusion. "His name we know not, but he has our highest admiration."

How a Chinese Druggist Prescribes.

The Chinese druggist and his clerks wear the same haughty and secretive airs which so become their Caucasian co-laborers. Should an ailing fellow countryman call at the establishment to have his pains relieved and his ills cured, he merely steps into the store. The druggist's knowledge of Mongolian diseases enables him to diagnose at once where the seat of the suffering man's ailment lies. The wise and a[illegible] discerning pharmacist shrugs his shoulders and mutters a word or two.

A clerk steps up to a box and draws forth a dried snake, coiled and held in that position by skewers. He passes it to an attendant, and while the patient is counting out his two dollars the snake is reduced to a powder and put in a paper package. The sufferer goes his way with a gleam of hope in his eyes, for every Chinese knows that snake powder is a determined foe to rheumatic pains.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Choppy Little Gotham.

A New York lady said in my hearing the other day, "New York is such a small place after all." I asked her why. She answered: "All there is of it is from Twenty-third to Thirty-third street and from Broadway to Fifth avenue. One meets the same people every day, just as in a small town. New Yorkers, to avoid meeting anybody they don't want to see, go over to Sixth avenue or below Twenty-third street on Broadway, and it is just as effective as if they had gone over to Jersey City."—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Whale Caught Napping.

"Oh, yes; I know this is the season for fish stories, but what I am telling you is a fact, vouched for by all hands," indignantly remarked Ship Chandler John Reece, in reply to some incredulous smiles upon the part of his auditors. Mr. Reece, as is his custom of an afternoon when the cares of business permit, had been regaling the habitues of his captains' rooms with some of his racy sea stories, and the talk had turned on whaling.

"Talking of whales," he suddenly exclaimed, "when my friend, Captain Pearn, now commanding the steamship Circassian Prince, had charge of the Ocean Spray, he met with an extraordinary adventure. The vessel in question was on her way to Lisbon, and while crossing the Bay of Biscay one night she brought up with a most tremendous shock. Captain Pearn was below at the time, but rushed on deck fully believing that the Ocean Spray was foul of another vessel.

"The lookout came flying aft with hair standing on end and covered with blood. As nothing could be made of the incoherent explanations of the dumfounded sailor, a movement was made for'ad and the mystery was solved. A huge whale was athwart the cutwater, partly severed in two, the dolphin striker, or to use a modern term, martingale, sticking into his back. The cetacean was fully seventy feet long, and had evidently gone into his death flurry. While they were gazing at the monster the plunging of the vessel in the waves—it was blowing a nine knot breeze—released the carcass and floated it off to leeward. In the morning, when the watch was called on to wash decks, it was seen that the forecastle, foot of foretopmast staysail and inner jib were sprayed with blood.

"The lookout man said that the blood spurted up like a fountain, and as he was standing just by the weather cathead he got the full benefit of it. When the Ocean Spray was docked it was discovered that seven or eight sheets of copper had been torn off the stem. The whale was probably asleep at the time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

One Way to Get Rid of a Cousin.

"We're going to break up housekeeping," she said, addressing the horse car load of people through her lady companion.

"What! Give up that lovely flat? Why, I thought you loved New York! Not going away?"

"N-no, not exactly. You see, we're tired of housekeeping and are going to boarding. We shall store our furniture. Joe thinks it's the only way out. We'll try it again after awhile, you know."

"What's the matter? I'm sure you were as snug and happy as two people could well be when I was up. You haven't been trying to cook?"

"Oh, no, we have the very best kind of a servant. Dear, dear! I'm afraid I shan't be able to get her when we go back to housekeeping again. It is so hard to get good servants, and she is such a treasure. We were so happy!"

"Well, what on earth, child"——

"The fact is, Joe's cousin came on here some time ago and won't go away, plague on him! He just stays and stays and stays! And he's brought the child for me to take care of. And he's spent all his money and thinks he'll stay here and maybe look for a job. But he'll never work—not if he can help it. He is such a polite and refined sort of a man, too, neither of us can tell him to go. We don't believe he would go if we'd tell him, see? So Joe and I have agreed that the best way is to throw up the flat. When the fellow goes away or falls in the river, or something, we'll fix up again. Now, isn't that real cunning?"—New York Herald.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Windows.

An invalid dragged herself to a window one winter day and, sighing, fixed her absent regard upon a bare vine clinging to a neighboring wall. The sky was gray, the wind blustering, a few snow flakes were falling. Presently the twitter of sparrows enlisted her sympathy. How bravely were they struggling to rebuild their tattered nests. Again and again they had been destroyed, and yet, despite cold and disappointment, they chirped at their hard fate and worked away. "And shall not I," thought she, "who am of more value than many sparrows, be as stout of heart as they?"

None is too poor to own some sort of a window, the larger the opening, of course, the greater the benefit. The danger is that the æsthetic soul will wish to see his landscape through a colored glass—the late lamented fad to the contrary, let it not be blue. A traveler in a foreign city was once disturbed by the dingy windows of her opposite neighbor. One day the maid gave her own windows a vigorous washing. As she was congratulating her on her superior neatness, she noticed the setting sun reflected in the shining panes across the way. "They have been washing their windows, haven't they?" asked the mistress. "Oh, no, madam," was the reply, "it is ours that were dirty."—Chicago Herald.

People One Meets in New York.

"A walk in Broadway any fine day," remarked an Englishman who is staying here, "reminds one that this is really a small world after all. I have within a week met on different days several persons from widely distant parts of the globe. One day I met an intimate acquaintance from my own country whom I supposed was in London. The very next day I came suddenly face to face with the [illegible] not to notice their escapades. [illegible] ship in which I had not very long before sailed many hundreds of miles over the Pacific ocean. Another day I was tapped on the shoulder by the leading druggist of a Central American city, on whose cool and shady interior veranda I passed many a pleasant hour during the hot part of the burning tropical day. Last of all, and even more unexpectedly, I met an Arab from Egypt who had acted as a guide for me on a visit to the Pyramids. I am almost moved to believe that everybody, sooner or later, comes to New York.—New York Times.

Wonderful Stones.

The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone, which was efficacious in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tongue would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyena. The head of the cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all, could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.—Chambers' Journal.

To the Grand Army of the Republic we are indebted for one of the most interesting and impressive of our ceremonial days—that on which the graves of the soldiers are decorated. The idea originated in the mind of a German who had served as a private in the Union army, whose name has not been preserved.

Twenty Millions for Parks and Boulevards.

Chicago's system of public recreation grounds consists of six spacious parks strung upon a thirty mile chain of parkways, called boulevards, which, except for two short gaps, completely encircles the city. These parks and driveways are in general well advanced toward completion, and as their construction has progressed they have satisfactorily fulfilled the purposes for which they were created. Jackson, the largest of the parks, which has been chosen as the site of the World's fair, is as yet mainly unimproved, but is destined to be one day the foremost recreation ground of Chicago.

The parks proper, with several small urban grounds under the control of the West Side park commission, comprise 1,841 45-100 acres of ground, and fifty-nine miles of boulevards have been built or laid out in connection with them. In the twenty-two years since the beginning of park construction in Chicago over $20,000,000 have been expended upon the purchase, building and maintenance of these parks and boulevards.—Harper's Weekly.

He Took a Middle Course.

In traveling over the battlefield of Antietam I met an aged negro who seemed to know the lay of the ground perfectly well, and after a time I inquired, "Were you here when the fight took place?"

"Right yere, sah," he replied.

"Saw it all then?"

"Well, sah, not 'zactly, but I saw de dead folks arter de battle."

"Why didn't you witness the movements of the troops?"

"Well, sah, I was dun embarrassed a heep dat day. I knowed Gineral Lee was dependin' on me not to whoop fur de Yankees, an' dat Gineral McClellan was dependin' on me not to whoop agin 'em, an' so I dun went down cellar an' sat on de head of a cider bar'l an' let 'em fite it out de best way dey could."—Cor. New York World.

It Would Be Large.

Six-year-old James, of Boston, and his New York cousin were disputing about the relative size of their respective cities.

Quotations from the census returns rather staggered the youthful Hubbite at first, but he soon brushed them aside with the remark:

"Well, I'll bet yer Boston's the biggest if yer take in all the hubbubs!"—Boston Transcript.

Bread and Butter.

Worth—What do you write for, old man—fame or money?

Scribbler—Neither one. I write for a journal that pays on publication.—New York Truth.

What We Like.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of very great interest to one's friends in the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subject of conversation is probably the subject of eatables.

"If there's anything I dote on," says Mrs. Chubb, "it's a nice leg of mutton, with a butter gravy and capers. And I like"——

"But," says Mrs. Scragg, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb continues, "is fried apple sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of."

"Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg, "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with me. And I don't see how anybody can eat those miserable things they call olives."

So they go on for an hour. "Well, I must be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising at last. "We've had a real pleasant time!"

Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all interested in what the other has said she herself has said.

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food.—Youth's Companion.

What She Could Do.

"Do you never get out at all?" The crippled girl shook her head. "And are you not able to read or write?"

"No."

"Not even sew a little?" I persisted.

"Oh, no, ma'am, not even that."

I glanced around the small chamber. The ceiling was low, the furniture was scanty. A single narrow casement admitted a feeble light and afforded a vista of a dingy, deserted street. Groping in my mind for some vantage ground on which to place her, and failing, I only ventured helplessly:

"I am sorry to find you so hedged in."

"Oh, you forget that I can always look out of the window," the girl made answer. With a smile of serene content. What a world of philosophy was in her reply. Coupled with her unconscious rebuke it sank deep into my heart. There will be many in the sweet summer time whose casements give no view of sea or sky or mountain.

To such would I in infinite tenderness bring a little message, beginning with the reflection that ever so small a window is better than the darkness of a dungeon—which does not sound very wise or original, but which would be well to remember. Even if there be nothing pleasant to see, some rays of sunshine are likely to be reflected by the blank wall opposite.—Chicago Herald.

The Man at the Theater.

The moment the chief buffoon of the piece appeared on the stage my neighbor clapped his hands until I thought he would split his gloves—for he wore gloves—and he chuckled, and I heard him whisper to his companion: "There he is. He's immense." And I saw that he was the owner of a finely adjusted hair trigger laugh. For the moment the comedian approached a jest, the very approach fired my neighbor's gun of cachinnation. The completion of the jest, with its accompaniment of facial and bodily contortions, incited loud squeals of joy and other manifestations of delirious delight. But when, by accident, a witty line occurred, the person seemed bored and glum.

On examining the audience I found that he was only one of many, although he was a most remarkable specimen of his kind. But what one word in our noble language describes the kind? I cudgeled my brains in vain; but after I had sent my boy to bed I dropped into the club, and my accomplished young friend, the publisher, came to my aid. "You must coin a word," he said, "after the manner of Louis Carroll. Nothing is simpler. A man guffaws when he sees the buffoon. Therefore the man himself is a guffoon." I think this word "guffoon" is worthy of adoption.—Taverner in Boston Post.

An Odd Law Point.

One of the oddest points ever brought to the consideration of a Portland, Me., jury was made by an attorney in an assault case. The respondents were charged with having resisted a deputy sheriff while in discharge of his duty. The special point made by the attorney for the respondents was that the sheriff, having been a school teacher for many years, was, as a matter of fact, unable to rightly consider the difference between a serious and a slight resistance to his authority; that he had been so long used to unquestioned obedience that he had become unable to distinguish between a manly protest and a serious attempt to obstruct the course of the law.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unforeseen Emergency.

First Youth—I know where I can hire a boat. Let's go sailing.

Second Youth—I never sailed a boat, nor did you, I guess.

First Youth—No; but I've bought a book which tells all about how to sail a boat. Come on. I'll read the instructions while you steer.

Both Youths (half an hour later)—Ooo! woo! woo! We're upset.

Second Youth (floundering around in the water)—Wha-wha-what shall we do now?

First Youth (gasping)—I-I don't—n-n-know; I've lost the book.—Good News.

Chinese Medicines.

Scorpions, according to the Chinese way of thinking, are invaluable when employed as a remedy for a badly congested liver, which ailment can only be surmised by the Chinese druggist to be the one which afflicts his sore and wearied customer.

Powdered bees and beetles are highly regarded by the Chinese physician in the treatment of throat troubles, and if they do not instantly effect a cure on being taken the patient deserves to suffer.

Blood troubles, malignant cancers and scrofulous diseases hie away when brought into combat with powdered lizard.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Protection.

Against the baggage smashers Jones
Has found a good corrector,
For now upon each trunk he owns
He nails a chest protector.

—Life.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1891.

THE reception given to the firebrand Kaiser of Germany by England will undoubtedly cause much consternation to the French who will construe it into an affront to their nation. There is no question that the warmth of the welcome to the Kaiser proceeds from a determination to inform France and Russia that the support of England's navy will be given to the triple alliance if necessary. This will produce a combination of strength on land and sea, which will prove menacing to France on whom the brunt of a war would fall. Ever since the French revolution the efforts of England have been directed toward crushing the republican spirit, which, from the germs there implanted sent its branches out over all the monarchial governments of Europe threatening their stability. The Republic of France has been the object of the bitterest attacks from the English nation but is still in condition with Russia as an ally, to bid her do her worst. While the Dreibund may claim that the preservation of the peace of Europe is its raison d'etre, beneath the surface can be seen the spirit of hatred to republican institutions which is the real incentive to England, Germany and Italy's action.

IT IS questionable whether the requirements of the laws governing electrical executions in New York are not excessive severe and strict. The Warden is given autocratic powers, which, when exercised, as they were by Warden Brown of Sing Sing, on Tuesday, are calculated to inspire one with distrust as to the advisability of such laws. The official in question marked a dead line in the centre of a public highway and placed armed men there with instructions to shoot the first man who stepped over it. This was done to keep the newspapers from getting an account of the execution, as required by law, and showed much more zeal than discretion. The sooner that portion of the law excluding the representatives of the press is repealed, the better satisfied will the people of New York State be, as it is a very questionable restriction of the rights of the press.

THE statements as to the condition of Secretary of State Blaine's health; which are going the rounds, contain much that is untruthful and without foundation. It is impossible that a man suffering from Bright's disease as some of the Secretary's enemies assert he is, could stand the daily rides which he is accustomed to take. While the Secretary is suffering from the effects of over-work, he is not in the pitiable condition his enemies declare him to be. His mind is as vigorous as ever, and, unless something unforseen intervenes, he will continue to administer the affairs of the State Department with his old time vigor and acumen.

THE defeat of the Parnell candidate at Carlow by an overwhelming majority was undoubtedly a great surprise to Mr. Parnell and his friends. It shows that the influence of the priesthood over the Irish voters is too powerful for Mr. Parnell to combat at present. This, of course, does not imply that he is to be annihilated politically. A man of his abilities and courage is not easily extinguished. He has an opportunity to live down his past errors, and if he makes the most of it he may yet regain his position as leader of the whole Irish people, who are so greatly indebted to him for work done in their behalf on both sides of the Atlantic.

THERE seems to be a pretty general opinion among the Republicans that Chairman Andrews of the State Committee would do well to retire from his position and give way to some one better qualified to fill the position. General Frank Reeder, of Easton, would be an efficient successor to Chairman Andrews, possessing as he does the requisite qualifications to conduct a successful campaign. His selection would insure a careful management of the affairs of the party and would give satisfaction to all who are acquainted with his record as an earnest and indefatigable Republican.

THE political atmosphere in Louisiana is becoming very heated over the anti-lottery campaign. The citizens of the State who are endeavoring to crush the Louisiana Lottery out of existance have a big contract on hand, as that corporation can and will put an enormous sum of money out to secure a renewal of the privileges which have been extended to it in the past.

THE fight for the presidency of the Republican State League of Clubs between Congressman Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, and Congressman Robinson, of Media, promises to be an interesting one, it being as yet uncertain to whom the prize will fall.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Louisiana's richest woman is a Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor has returned from Germany, and will henceforth make her home in this country.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been elected a life member of the Darling chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Lady Harcourt, the historian Motley's daughter, is one of the cleverest women in London society. She is very handsome and has more than a local celebrity because of her wit.

Miss Estella M. Cullen, newly appointed master in chancery in Illinois, is a brunette, whose good looks are outweighed by her sound sense and ability for the dispatch of business.

Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, the famous society leader who died in New York recently, would never tell anybody how old she was, and it has been solemnly agreed that there should be no mention of her age upon her coffin plate.

Mrs. Felix Moscheles, wife of the celebrated English painter, is a most beautiful woman, remarkable especially for her hair, which is like threads of spun gold and seems to keep the sunlight in it even on the darkest days.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field, and is popular with her large congregation.

Miss Mary G. Pinkney, who is one of the largest real estate owners on Manhattan island, has passed threescore years and ten, but still manages all matters connected with her estate. She draws a check for about a quarter of a million annually for taxes.

Mrs. Mackay's new London house contains two ideal bathrooms, the one in Pompeiian style, the other Japanese. In each of them abundant use has been made of cloisonne enamel. The entrance halls to the mansion contain some of the finest decorative work ever seen in England.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The howling of a dog portends death.

If a man should set his hair on fire he will go mad.

The Japanese have a horror of the darkness; they always keep a light burning to ward off ghosts.

A room is never swept immediately after the departure of the inmate for fear of sweeping out the luck.

If the cup of medicine is upset by accident during the illness of a person, it is a sure sign of his recovery.

If a woman steps over an egg shell she will go mad; if over a razor it will become dull; if over a whetstone it will break.

At a marriage ceremony neither the bride nor the groom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage be soon dissolved, purple being a color most liable to fade.

Children are told if they tell a lie an oni (imp) will pull out their tongues. The wholesome terror of the oni, ready to run away with his tongue, has caused many a Japanese youth to speak the truth.

The junkmen believes in a ghost that comes to them and politely asks to borrow a dipper. The answer decides the fate of the junkman. If a dipper with a bottom is bestowed upon the ghost, he uses it to bail water enough to swamp the junk, but if the bottom can be knocked out and thrown at him he disappears.

Fingernails must not be cut before starting on a journey, lest disgrace fall upon the person at his destination. Neither should they be cut at night, lest cat's claws should grow out. Children who throw the parings of the nails into the fire are in danger of some great calamity. If a piece should fly into the fire while cutting, the person will soon die.—Philadelphia Press.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Germany's yearly increase in population is 435,000.

New York city employs 3,513 public school teachers.

If the Mediterranean were lowered 600 feet Italy would be joined to Africa, and three separate seas would remain.

Mushrooms generally consist of 90 per cent. of water, but in spite of this the balance of 10 per cent. is said to be more nutritious than bread.

Columbus, Ind., the present center of population of the United States, has raised a limestone shaft as a monument to mark the center for the census of 1890.

A man in Dakota was lately sentenced to prison for half a lifetime, and the supreme court has decided that the time means nineteen years, seven months and four days.

The diamond cutters of New York earn an average salary of sixty dollars a week, and are considered the best workmen in their line in the world. Twenty years ago nearly all the diamonds sold in this country were cut and polished in Amsterdam.

The origin of "windfall," in the sense of "good luck," dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was then a criminal offense to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down, hence a heavy windstorm was hailed by the peasants as so much good luck.

A million men standing close together, each not occupying more than four square feet, could be placed on a patch but little more than a third of a mile square. A square mile will accommodate 7,965,000 men. At that rate the whole population of the United States would hardly cover nine miles square.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

There is an average of 2,694 ties to a mile of railroad in this country.

Oden Bowie has been re elected president of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad.

Young Edwin Gould is to be made the executive head of the Manhattan elevated railway system of New York.

The directors of the Louisville and Nashville road have decided to increase the capital stock from $46,000,000 to $55,000,000.

The main line of the Lehigh Valley road has been resurveyed, and stone mile posts are being substituted for the wooden ones.

On Irish railways women are much employed as booking clerks, and in Dublin tickets are given almost entirely by women.

General John M. Corse, late postmaster of Boston, has decided not to accept the office of general manager of the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad.

Robert S. Quale, of the Chicago and Northwestern's mechanical department, has been appointed master mechanic of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Northern road.

Of the 660 railway corporations in this country 375 prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors by their employes. Among the number are the largest railroad systems in the country.

The tunnel on the Chattanooga Southern railroad is now open from end to end. It is more than 1 800 feet long, cost about $300,000, and was two years in process of construction.

With the exception of the Chinese railways, with their prejudice crazed wrecking mobs, the unsafest roads in the world are those of Spain, whose landslides and inundations wreck a train every few weeks, not to mention the risk from bandits.

The run from Baltimore to Philadelphia of the Royal Blue line express is made behind what is said to be largest engine in this country It weighs 187,000 pounds, and runs on four driving wheels, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter. It is black, without a particle of bright color about it.

The commission appointed by the Georgia legislature to pass upon the claims of the former lessees of the Western and Atlantic railroad, the state's property, against the state for betterments and other claims, rendered a decision in Atlanta awarding to the lessees $96,400. The claim was for considerably over a million dollars.

CROWN AND SCEPTER.

The Queen of the Belgians is a sufferer from nervous depression and rarely appears at court.

The shah of Persia has recently been grossly swindled by persons who sold him yellow diamonds that had been artificially whitened.

The present czarina of Russia is said to be the most popular empress the nation ever had. She is loved for her charities, and is as bright and clever as she is elegant. She is passionately fond of dancing.

Prince Albert of Russia is a cousin of the late Emperor Frederick. He is the handsomest living member of the Hohenzollern family and one of the tallest officers in the army, being almost 6 feet 6 inches in height.

Emperor William, to the surprise of many people, has appointed Prince Albert of Prussia, at present regent of Brunswick, the successor of Count von Moltke as president of the national commission of defense.

The Prince of Wales has an income of a million dollars that the British public pays for the support of himself and his family. The queen, in addition, gives him an annual allowance of about a quarter of that amount.

The second wife of the young emperor of China is the daughter of a mandarin of the yellow button, and is said to have the smallest foot in Pekin. To be an emperor's wife in China is not considered a very enviable lot, as after marriage she is never permitted to see any of her old friends again.

The young king of Spain, who has just completed his fifth year, is beginning to ride on ponies. His activity, willful disposition and inquisitive curiosity make him a sharp contrast to his more tranquil minded sisters. In two years his majesty will have a separate household, and already he has shaken off the attendance of his Asturian nurse, showing a preference for male attendants.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

James Russell Lowell declined to attend the celebration of Browning's birthday in Boston because he was afraid he could not stand the excitement.

Matthew Arnold, in his work entitled "Culture and Anarchy," declared that machinery and wealth "have materialized the upper classes, vulgarized the middle classes and brutalized the lower classes."

Mme. Vilma Perlegrin painted the last portrait that was ever taken of Moltke. After she had put the finishing touches to the count's portrait she received the compliment from him that he considered the portrait the best that had ever been painted of him.

Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes believes that body and mind are both affected by the character of food consumed. "An exclusively pork diet gives a bristly character to the beard and hair," and too much food from the sea gives the shine and motions of a fish.

Eugene Field is writing his first novel. He has given to it the title of "The Wooing of Miss Woppit." The story is very fanciful and tender, with a startling denouement. Mr. Field lays the scenes of his story among the mining camps of Red Horse mountain.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, whose translations of Tolstoi and other Russian novelists have won her fame, is a tall, fine looking woman, with gray hair and a winning smile. Her voice and manner in conversation are delightful, and make her a great favorite in the social circles of New York, which is her home.

Hubert Herkomer, the English artist, is building a house at Bushey, on the Thames, which will bear in every part the impress of his genius. He drew the plans himself and designed the decorations. Some of the carvings will be from his own hands, while his brush will give to the walls and ceilings their most delicate touches.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Two and three stone rings are worn by men.

There are bracelets with diamond bowknots.

Happy is the possessor of a gold chain and bead purse.

Black enameled watch chains are made for men in mourning.

A bird's wing of diamonds affords an effective hair ornament.

Silver powder boxes beautifully chased and decorated with medallion portraits of historical persons are greatly admired.

Jewel boxes of rock crystal mounted in silver are counted among other high art articles that find a place in the boudoir.

A unique finger ring is a solid diamond heart surmounted by a diamond crown. This double design also figures as a brooch.

There is a great demand for silver bowls, these dishes being employed for a variety of purposes, as for salads, fruits, cracked ice and desserts.

A handsome Wedgwood bottle mounted in silver and set in a circular silver tray, elaborately carved, furnishes a unique inkstand for a library.

Gentlemen's rings are fashionably mounted in gypsy, Indian and plain settings, with a solitaire diamond, ruby, sapphire, cat's eye or other precious stone.

A dainty conceit in flower jewelry shown by one of the leading houses is a poppy in enamel, with gold stamens surrounding a small but very brilliant diamond.

Steel tape measures that coil up inside a circular shaped silver case, and are marked by a thumb slide, are numbered with elegant little conveniences enjoyed by both sexes.—Jewelers' Circular.

One-fifth of the 10,000,000 families in France have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven children the number is only 230,000.

TURF TOPICS.

Senator Stanford says Sunol can trot a quarter in 30 seconds—a 1:56 gait.

Jack the Ripper is the name of a mule owned in Chicago, and said to have trotted a mile in 2:40

Snapper Garrison has three times ridden second in the Brooklyn handicap, once with Blue Wing and twice with Prince Royal.

Belle Hamlin is to go against her own single record this year. She is said to be gaining speed this year and is finishing her mile finely.

One of the most noted brood mares in the book is Sue, a daughter of Thorndale. She has four representatives in the 2:30 list, and will be bred this season to El Mahdi, a son of Onward.

Chris Smith, the Philadelphian who bought Hypatica, offered the Messrs. Morris $30,000 for the running qualities of L'Intriguante. The offer was declined. Smith is a lucky plunger. He ran up a ten dollar note to the amount he now has.

At a recent meeting of the Minnesota Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders the constitution was changed so as to admit for entry all horses owned by members, or the get of a horse or the produce of a mare owned by a member.

It is held that "the sire controls the habits and disposition more than the dam; she the endurance and constitution more than he. Hence, select a level headed horse with good feet and legs, strong loins, and deep, heavy quarters. Do not risk a horse that has produced speed from one mare only."

The earliest records known of the pacing horse are in sculpture, dating back some 400 years before the Christian era. On the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens were represented many horses in action, and quite a number of them clearly and unmistakably show the lateral or pacing habit of action.

"Fashion," says a turf expert, "has got a strong grip on the breeders. The dam of Axtell was sold for a song, and if a mare of such lines of blood were set for sale anywhere in the United States she would sell for a song today. Then why do the pick of the land go to Axtell? It has not been proved that he will breed on, and if he will, why will not another like his dam?"

HE WAS A PROMOTER.

Trade Talk of a Curious Character Common Enough in New York.

Some hundreds of keen and not overscrupulous New Yorkers are perpetually haunted by visions of wealth to be made through petty inventions. The success of "pigs in clover" concentrated for a time the whole energy and cleverness of these men upon puzzles. A dozen new puzzles were promptly invented, and as many old ones were revived. There was an unconscionable amount of lying done about the prospects of each invention. Half a dozen of the speculators were tortured by prospective success that stopped short in the first week, and twice as many more persevered for months, led on by a hope plainly enough vain to all save the unhappy victims.

A typical man of this class perched himself on a stool in a dingy second hand book store the other day and talked of his trade. He was not twenty-five years old, tall, slender, agile, red haired, sanguine and apparently void of conscience. His speech was a curious mixture of slang from the slums, figures from the counting house and technical terms caught from the mechanical trades with which his precarious business brought him in contact. He was glib of tongue, quick at repartee and at times peculiarly happy in rude figures of speech.

All his talk was spiced with a cynical wisdom of the world, and beneath the surface lurked, half hidden, an intense desire to get money easily and quickly. He had sold everything, from a knitting needle to a rag baby. At that moment he was canvassing for a new puzzle, but the owner of the invention expected too much, in fact hoped to sit still and see dollars roll right in at his doorway. "But that ain't my funeral; it's his cemetery, see? So long as he pays me five dollars a day for canvassing I'll work for him."

There was always some jay around town with $500 looking for a cold cinch. Such persons expected to get the earth and put a fence round it, and all for $500. He himself had a little thing of his own invention. There was a comfortable living in it for the next twenty years, and he had it tight with a copper fastened patent. He had advertised in a Sunday paper for a partner with $300, and had received three or four answers, but they all wanted the whole thing. He didn't intend to sell a good living for twenty years at any such price. His invention had to do with sinks.

Now, there were 25,000,000 sinks in the United States, and every one of them was bound to have that article. It could be sold cheap and made for little or nothing. A profit of less than a cent on each meant wealth. He need not keep an office, but could have his article manufactured in Brooklyn and receive orders direct at the factory. There was nothing like a household utensil for selling. Puzzles didn't last. They played out in a few months and something else had to be done, but the world would go right on using his article till sinks were no more.—New York Recorder.

A Jap's English.

A Japanese boy who works in a San Francisco clubhouse sent the following picturesque complaint to the officers: "Today I went to the club to get my wages. The steward, Mr. John, ordered me to leave, with many repetitions of abominable oaths which a man of some honor can't restrain his passion from revolt on such a violent shower of curse. Anger was beyond my control, and involuntarily I returned my share of compliments, upon which he snatched the potato masher and was brutal enough to give me two severe blows on my person, and inflicting quite painful injury. Through all this affair I was never offensive. When I went there to demand the money to which I was entitled he unjustly enjoined me to get out. That is an unreasonable movement and cannot fail to hurt a man's feelings. What!

"Without being satisfied with that insult made my blood boil and the veins burst with successive onslaught of ignominous swear. My returning was completely excusable, for to be indifferent to such an ignoble treatment denotes that one is a stranger to the sense of honor, and so he ought to have relished it with abashed submission. And what again! The tongue—the countenance was not capable enough to wreak his savage fury—and then he resorted to that final step of violence as though I was a mass of clay, insensible to disgrace and pain."—Exchange.

European and American Banks.

Banks originated for the purpose of appealing to the poor, and the institutions of England and of Europe generally have retained that feature. In this country the depositors of the savings banks up to within a comparatively short time were found to belong almost entirely to the middle and comfortable class of people, who could annually place an amount, small or large, in the bank without being obliged to deny themselves any comforts or luxuries. Unlike similar institutions across the Atlantic, the savings banks here do not seem to appeal specially to the humble wage earners, and make no effort to secure savings from children or to educate them along the line of thrift and economy. Indeed, many banks, particularly in this city, refuse the accounts of certain classes of people who would be gladly welcomed as depositors in such places as London, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

During the past few years, however, a number of institutions designed to secure small savings have come into existence, and are thriving in various parts of the country. Dime and nickel savings banks are among this class.—New York Recorder.

The Revival of Bleeding.

To those accustomed, as most now are, to regard loss of blood, from whatever source, as an unmitigated evil, the suggestion to follow up an extensive bleeding from the lungs by a further bleeding from the arm is startling. Nevertheless, at a recent meeting of the Royal Medical Society of London, one of the speakers favored its adoption in cases in which the patient is in urgent danger of suffocation from the reflux of blood into the bronchi. It is, however, peculiarly open to the objection brought against the operation of venesection generally—that, in the present state of public opinion as to blood letting, the discredit of a fatal result is too likely to be hastily assigned to the venesection.

Other physicians recommended it for various diseases, though considerable difference of opinion existed as to the cases most likely to be benefited.

Dire Revenge.

A party of vegetarians, who were boarding at a water cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture.

"That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day!"—Exchange.

To Suit All Tastes.

Passenger (arriving in the station)—Can I have a coupe all to myself?

"I suppose the gentleman wants to sleep."

"No, but I am a misanthropist."

"Oh, so! Then just step into this cattle car."—Fliegende Blatter.

*MY CATARRH was very bad. For thirty years I have been troubled with it—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist advised Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer), Pawtucket, R. I.

What was it, John,

That made your face so free and clear from pimples, said his sweetheart. Why, don't you know, Eva? For over a year I took everything I could think of without helping me, then I bought two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I haven't one pimple on my face. It is the best blood cleanser I ever saw.

*When your heart is bad, and your head is bad and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

☞If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Mors the Locksmith, what he knows about it.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled. The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior; to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Cœur d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, Tacoma, Seattle, Puyallup Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Gray's Harbor and City Willaps Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouvers Island, Alaska on the north and California on the south.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dining Car and complete Pullman service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibuled Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9 a.m. the following day; leaving Chicago at night, connection will be made with Train No. 1 out of St. Paul 4.15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc., or application can be made to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 6, 1891.

Store closed at one o'clock Saturdays.

The midsummer month follows hard on the most active June ever known in this store. We don't expect you to be interested in our big sales save as evidence that the ceaseless activity of Our Modern Methods in Merchandising, bringing always the newest things and overturning prices when conditions permit, are right. Another month of great retailing proves it.

All proper Shoes are here. The town is full of improper Shoes—Shoe frauds; you can get them almost anywhere.

Colored Patent Leather Shoes. Leading in their introduction we are foremost in their variety. Men's, four sorts, $7.50; women's, nine sorts, $6, $6.50, $7. Novel, rich, really elegant.

"Wanamaker Wear-Well" for men in colored goat at $3. Can you match them at $4?

Oxfords for women at $2.40 and $2.60 should be $3 and $4.

Each day adds new friends to our Shoe store. To deserve great success is to gain it. That's our principle of Shoe growth.

Dame or damsel, deacon or dandy will find all that is dainty, durable or desirable in Shoes right here.

The white Blazers and their companions are like the white-plumed-helmet-centre of the tray. Accord not discord makes the stir. Of course it does for this community is wise. The people know there is no Blazer cheapness like that we offer at $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

Like a regiment in two ranks stood the files at the Cotton Dress Goods—reduced—yesterday. Sweet dreams of Ginghams, grand Brandenburgs. Why mention them? The sun shines but you need not that we tell you.

Lightning Ice Cream Freezers. The name means speed, not fire. This last achievement in Freezers is the greatest. Demonstration in Basement. The air is laden with compliments. But little thunder (noise) about them, and yet they "go" like lightning.

Have you seen the cheap Meat Cutters? To cut meat is only one of many graces. Neat, graceful little prices. They'll soon go. Then you'll be sorry. $1.15, $1.45, $1.75.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. The crop of Prairie Chickens will be exceptionably good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid Deer shooting is to be had.

Full information furnished free. Address, GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill., or to WM. KELLY, JR., Trav. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. Ry., 16 So. Broad St., Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING in Bristol, Pa. between Yost and Stephen has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, N. M. Stephen retiring. J. B. Yost will continue the business at the old stand, No. 31 Mill street.

J. B. YOST
N. M. STEPHEN.

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your kind patronage in the future, I remain respectfully, J. B. YOST.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZABETH PAXSON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES BUCKMAN,
S. E. Cor. 8th and Green Streets, Phila.
JOHN CUMLY,
S. W. Cor. 15th and Race Sts., Phila.
Or ANTHONY SWAIN, Atty. Executors.
Bristol Borough.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SETH W. HOOD, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

DR. A. S. WILSON, Executor.
J. C. STUCKERT, Attorney.

Bristol Cash Grocery,

No. 57 Walnut Street, between Wood and Pond Streets.

J. CURTIS HOWELL, Proprietor

A FULL LINE OF

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

PRICES THE LOWEST.

All goods delivered.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY!

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

W. H. VAN HORN,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

F. H. WEIK,

Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,

NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. 30 days can be treated and return home same day. Offices private. DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, above Race.
P. O. Box 295 Philadelphia.

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Doylestown, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher;

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.

WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!

To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published. Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs. Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Pritz Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russett Finished Buggies, Mineola and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc., Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices.

Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

anufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Furniture Repaired!

Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a

Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St.,

Opposite Silbert House,

Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. ☞Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.

JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

Miscellaneous

Tullytown Cheap Grocery,

ELMER E. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES at Low Prices.

FLOUR by the cwt. a specialty. Hardware, Binder Twine at Lowest Prices, Paris Green, etc.

GOODS First Quality. PRICES Very Low.

Give me a call and be convinced.

THE FARMER'S STORE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of

Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,

Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites

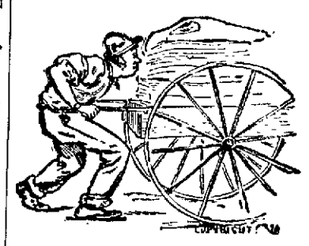
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM

$35 UP.

☞Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.

Lawrence Farrell,

144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.



HARD PUSHING.

It requires "hard pushing" to dispose of poor wares. All sorts of schemes are devised to "palm off" inferior Clothing onto the unwary.

At Yates', corner 13th and Chestnut Sts., schemes are not in vogue—the goods sell themselves. They are gotten up with great care, are superior in every way and still are sold at moderate price.

A. C. YATES & Co.

Now Only Corner 13th and Chestnut Streets.

JOSHUA H. COOPER,

DEALER IN

LISTERS' Standard Fertilizers, Van Brunt's Fertilizers,

Wm. Deering & Co's Harvesting Machinery,

Mowers and Binders, Hand and Self-Dumping Sulky Rakes, Hay Tedders, Potato Diggers, etc. Binder Twine constantly on hand.

Road Carts, Saddles, Harness, etc. N. Y. Horse Manure by the Car.

Cultivators, Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Plow Extras, Plaster, Ground and Bolted. Apples in Season.

TULLYTOWN, PA.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.

PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.

The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.

We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correct rule of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.

When rown cut, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.

J. B. YOST, 34 Mill Street.

Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

FERGUSON & WESTON,

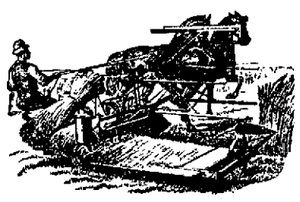
—OPTICIANS,—

39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

☞Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

You Should See

—THE—



Low Down Binder

It will cut and bind from 8 to 12 acres a day of Rye, Wheat or Oats with two horses. Can drive it through a 10 ft. gate, or house it in a small space.

☞Good reference given and satisfaction guaranteed.

Samuel Goslin & Son,

Newportville, Bucks Co.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PURCHASED the interest of Roberts & Goodwin in the Lumber business and will hereafter conduct the same, at the old stand, on Otter street, Bristol, under the supervision of Jos. Goodwin, of the old firm.

We shall endeavor to meet the wants of the trade and hope to share your custom by attending to business and selling at the lowest cash prices.

FRED. LEIBFREID.

FOR SALE

ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Beedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

DR. H. D. FENIMORE,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Graduate of the American Veterinary College of New York.

Messages sent to 413 High Street, or The Burlington Club Stable, on Union St., back of the Market house, will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 8, Burlington, N. J.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

BRISTOL, PA.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age. The C. L. Van Duzen Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 5.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.15, 6.45 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and 2.00 P. M. Closes at 8.00 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 5.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 5.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 1.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 1.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mail for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The Street Committee has had the hole at the end of the canal bridge filled in.

—The season for woodcock opened July 4th, and was taken advantage of by several of our local sportsmen.

—The gauze covering over the walls and ceiling of the Hotel Closson became ignited on Saturday afternoon and was entirely burned off.

—Frank A. Robbins' new shows, circus, museum, menagerie and hippodrome, will be in Bristol, Thursday, July 23, on Dorrance's meadows, opposite the Railroad station.

—A runaway team came over the canal bridge and collided with a wagon in front of J. Wesley Wright's store, on Mill street, yesterday afternoon, completely overturning it. No one was injured.

—A young man named Ennis who was riding up the tow-path on his bicycle on Tuesday afternoon, came near colliding with a pedestrian, and abruptly turned his machine to the side with such haste that he was precipitated into the canal with his machine from which he emerged without harm.

—A young man from Trenton named Stakeman, who was a member of one of the camping parties on Burlington Island, while out sailing on the river, Tuesday afternoon, was knocked overboard by the sudden jibing of the boom and was drowned. After a short search the body of the unfortunate man was recovered and forwarded to his home in Trenton.

—An alarm of fire startled the residents of the town for a second time, on Monday evening. The fire was found to be in a house on Wilson street just opposite the place of the morning fire. The house is occupied by Harry Neff, a weaver in Leedom's mill. The bed in the third story was found to be in a blaze. The flames were extinguished by several young men with the aid of buckets. Origin not known, but supposed to have been caused by a smoldering spark from the morning's fire.

—'Squire Louderbough's office was filled with a confused jumble of gesticulating Italians last Thursday evening, and the vociferous exclamations of the plaintiff and interpreters, all talking at the same time, in a manner calculated to craze one of Edison's phonographs. The case was a civil suit brought by Vincenzo Girardi, against Vincenza Ricardi, the wife of the proprietor of his boarding place on the railroad in the rear of Otter street, to recover $20 which he claimed to have given her to save for him. John C. Stuckert, Esq. pleaded for the defendant, and an Italian from Trenton performing a similar service for the plaintiff. After hearing all the evidence the 'Squire deemed the charge not substantiated and accordingly dismissed the case.

—Michael Kelly, a native of the Emerald Isle, who still retains his love for a drop of "the crathur," and whose occupation resembles that of ministers, in that he gains his livlihood by attending to the "soles" of men at his domicile and place of business, on Wood street, above Mill, felt the spirit of the "glorious Fourth" in his veins on Sunday evening, and accordingly ejected his daughter from the house, and administered a drubbing to his son, a boy of fourteen years, as a means of giving vent to some of his pent up spirits. The cries of the boy aroused some of the people in the vicinity who summoned officer Kauffman to allay the disturbance. The officer pounded on the door and ordered Michael to desist from his beating and in a few minutes was greeted by the night-capped head of the master of the house, who, in a few terse words, consigned the officer to a place where fire melts. In a short time Chief Saxton arrived upon the scene and ordered the fellow to admit his daughter who was standing barefooted in front of the house. After some parleying the cobbler admitted the girl, whereupon the Chief gave him a few admonitions to keep quiet and left. In a short time peace was restored to the neighborhood. The residents in the vicinity threaten to prosecute if there is a recurrence of the disturbance.

—The system of watchmen's electrical clocks which has lately been introduced in Bristol with the idea of securing more adequate police protection is the subject of much inquiry from a number of the citizens of the town who are desirous of obtaining more knowledge of the workings of the plan. The idea of the Police Committee in introducing the system was to insure the streets being patrolled vigilantly, thus giving the citizens a feeling of security against evil-doers. After midnight and until morning, three officers are on duty who follow each other over the route at intervals of thirty minutes, and having ninety minutes in which to make their rounds. This plan insures two men being in different parts of the town at the same time, while the remaining officer is at the station house. The route taken by the men is between three and four miles in length, which they are obliged to traverse three times each night. The route is as follows: From station up Radcliffe, to Lafayette, to Pond, to Walnut, to Mill, to Bath, to Buckley, to Pine, to Bath, to Mifflin, to Linden, to Otter, to Mill, to station. In order to secure a rest of thirty minutes, the men must go over the route in an hour, to accomplish which requires the officers to display considerable ability as pedestrians. Cedar, Wood and most of the cross streets receive no surveillance whatever under this plan and it would undoubtedly be better to divide the town into districts as is customary in most places, and detail an officer to patrol each ward. The policemen are required to travel entirely too fast to give proper attention to the cross streets along their beat, and it would better for the time of each trip to be extended to two hours.

—A plan for paving Mill street with vitrified brick is being actively agitated by the members of the Street committee. The estimated cost of the brick paving, with pitch joints, is $2,000 per square, and the projected plan divides the cost of the same between the property-owners and the borough, the latter assuming one half of the cost, the former dividing the remaining half between themselves. The idea meets with approval from many of the residents of the street, the assent of all between Pond and Wood streets being secured, excepting two. It is to be hoped the committee will be able to carry their idea out, as the results accruing would prove beneficial to the entire town and would increase the value of the properties on that thoroughfare to such an extent as would amply remunerate the property-owners for the money expended by them in securing the improvement. Should the Street committee execute the plan successfully they will make an enviable record for themselves and the business men of the town should see to it that it is a success.

—Tommy Maslin, a reformed man and gospel temperance worker with Mr. Moody and many others, will speak this evening, (Thursday) July 9th, at 8 o'clock, p. m., also on Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m., in Buckley street Mission. On Friday evening in Presbyterian church, at 8 o'clock, subject, "Dark Side of Life," being his own experience. Saturday evening at 8 o'clock an open air meeting will be held at Mill and Wood streets. Sunday evening a union gospel temperance service will be held in the Baptist church, subject, "Bright Side of Life." All cordially invited. Tommy is encouraged in his work by Rev. Dr. Shields, Rev. I. W. Goodhue and the W. C. T. U. and others.

—Michael Brannen, of Tullytown, came to 'Squire Louderbough's office yesterday afternoon and had a warrant issued for the arrest of his son Henry charging him with assault and battery. Chief Saxton and officer Tice went to Tullytown and arrested the young man who was brought down and given a hearing befor the 'Squire who held him in $300 bail for the assault and $200 to keep the peace.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, July 9, 1891: Isaac Banes, Mrs. Benoit, Miss May R. Buckman, Mrs. Cornelia Burton, Miss Stella Brookmiller, Miss Eva Crawford, James Dugan, Miss Ellen Gominger, James Harris, Mrs. C. R. Hoffi, Chas. Lauble, David Murray, Miss Annie McGrath, Thos. McBride, Mrs. Edw. M. Paxson, Mrs. Josepha M. Vandegrift, Joseph Whitehouse.

—A young fellow named William Woodington was arrested Tuesday evening by officer Wilkinson, on a warrant charging him with malicous mischief in breaking the glass in H. White's restaurant last December. He was given a hearing before 'Squire Louderbough and was released upon payment of costs.

—Special officer Robert Graham, of Philadelphia, came to Bristol on Tuesday and arrested one of the performers in the small circus on Dorrance's meadow, H. Renner by name, on a warrant charging him with bigamy.

—The Bristol Building and Loan Association held its regular monthly meeting on Monday evening. The routine business was transacted, no loans being made.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Harry Bendere is in town to-day.

Miss Della Borman, of Chestnut Hill, is visiting Benj. O. Ettenger.

Register of Wills, Frank N. Booz, and family spent the Fourth in Bristol.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Pursell are back from a trip to West Point, N. Y.

The Misses Otley, of Texas, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Peirce.

George Young, of Pittsburgh, spent the Fourth with Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields.

Philip Halzell has returned from a trip to Montreal, and other Canadian cities.

Miss Ida Lindeman, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday and Sunday in Bristol.

Miss Carrie March, of Albany, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Leopold Landreth.

Mrs. Joseph Sherman is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hayden, at Easton.

Mrs. Edward Phillips, of New York, is the guest of Captain and Mrs. Burnet Landreth.

Mrs. William G. Buckman, has returned from a visit to her parents at Phillipsburg, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stuckert have returned home after a delightful trip to West Point, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Llewellyn Williams, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Peirce, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Martin are expected back from their wedding journey to-morrow or Saturday.

Mrs. Rebecca Grundy, of Walnut Grove, has gone to Beach Haven, N. J., to spend the summer.

Joseph Q. Bloomsburg, a well-known Bristolian, who has been residing at Tacoma, returned on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tabor Ashton and family, of Germantown, are spending the summer at Walter Laing's.

Mrs. Emily Lindsay left Bristol last Monday to make her residence in one of the suburban towns near Chicago.

Miss Bessie Brooks, of Philadelphia, spent several days in Bristol, last week, the guest of Miss Mary F. Fenimore.

Dr. C. P. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, spent several days in Bristol, the past week, the guest of Mr. Wm. C. Peirce.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones who have been spending a few weeks with relatives at Rancocas, N. J., have returned home.

Alfred and Phillips Landreth left Bristol, last Monday, for a tour to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, and other places of interest among the maritime provinces.

Miss Hollinger, the telegraph operator at the railroad station, starts in a few days for Denver, Colorado, where she will, by the advice of her physician, stay for a year for the relief of bronchial troubles.

Rev. I. W. Goodhue, the popular pastor of the Bristol Baptist church, has been tendered the pastorate of the Baptist church at Bryn Mawr, and is now holding the matter under serious advisement. During his incumbency of the pulpit in this town Rev. Goodhue has been an energetic and indefatigable worker for his church, and has been ably seconded in his efforts by Mrs. Goodhue. The church under his leadership has been more prosperous than for many years, and his departure would be deeply regretted by the members of the congregation, and by those who have enjoyed social relations with himself and wife.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Rev. I. W. Goodhue will take for the subject of his morning sermon, "The Created Life.

The Wood street M. E. Sunday-school will picnic at Oakland Grove, Wednesday, August 26th.

Frank Horn gave a picnic to his Sunday-school class, on the river bank by Landreth's, on Monday afternoon.

The Baptist Sunday-school is picnicking at Oakland Grove to-day. The excursionists went down on the steamer John A. Warner.

The Sunday-school services of St. Paul's Mission will close for the summer on Sunday and will be re-opened Sunday, September 13th.

Rev. E. E. Burris will preach on "Emblems for the Young," on Sunday morning. In the evening he will take for his subject, "We Want Better Eyesight."

—Shortly after twelve o'clock Monday noon the barn in the rear of the residence of Thomas Hughes, who lives at the corner of Market and Mulberry streets, was discovered to be on fire by some residents of Wilson street, on which the barn fronts. An alarm was given and was promptly responded to by the several companies. Two streams were soon directed upon the flames and they were soon extinguished The barn was empty and the loss will be light. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the carelessness of some small boys who were seen in the upper portion of the building previous to the fire.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN BRISTOL.

When the small boy saw the rain on Friday night his hopes for a clear Fourth of July were dissipated, and he despaired when he thought of the fireworks he had stored away for the morrow which he would be unable to shoot in the orthodox manner peculiar to himself. Fortunately for him Jupiter Pluvius appreciated that portion in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence which declares that the pursuit of happiness is one of the inalienable rights of man, and out of consideration for the small boy and his pent up enthusiasm, shut off the downfall of rain before morning, which dawned auspiciously with the usual accompaniment of explosives.

There was no public celebration in town, but many were the boys with "Fourth of July marks" on their hands from prematurely exploded firecrackers. A number of flags waved in the breeze proudly displaying the forty-four stars.

The decorations at Frank Levis' cigar store, on Pond street, were very fine, the porch being festooned with the national colors, intermingled with small flags, under which was a facsimile of the "Independence bell" made of paper, by Mrs. Pedrick.

St. Mark's picnic, at Oakland, was well attended; an enjoyable time being had by those in addendance.

Private picnics abounded, the Island being filled with them. Among the number was one composed of members of the Bristol Baptist church, who spent the day playing various games, etc. One of the picnickers there, a boy from Burlington, was severely burned about the head by the accidental explosion of a flask of powder. Another merry party of Bristolians picnicked at Florence Heights, going thither in row-boats.

A number of "muddled" celebrators abounded on the streets and received the attention of the police, who corralled three of them for being too boisterous. Harry Buckley, Irvin Hetherington and Patrick Fallon were sworn in as special policemen on Thursday evening by Burgess Fenimore.

In the evening numerous private pyrotechnical displays illuminated the skys, so that altogether the small boy had reason to be gratified by the way in which the day passed off.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Captain Jacob Hamilton, attended the meeting of H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73, G. A. R., on Monday evening.

Enterprise Council, No. 6, Jr. O. U. A. M., of Trenton, will visit Fidelity Council, No. 21, of this place, next Thursday evening.

The officers of Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., will be installed to-night. The report of the standing of the Council shows it to be worth over $2,000, with a total membership of 142.

Nonpariel Council, No. 1037, Royal Arcanum, met in their chamber on Tuesday evening and initiated Howard Watson into the mysteries of the Order. Three propositions for membership were also received.

The newly elected officers of Wootton Castle, No. 234, K. G. E., were installed on Tuesday evening by District Deputy Grand Chief Webster, assisted by Past Chiefs Reed, of Bustleton, Hibbs and Wells, of Langhorne. The First Degree was conferred upon one candidate.

The newly elected officers of Hermione Lodge, No. 107, were installed by District Deputy Grand Chancellor, William Young, last Friday evening. The total worth of the Lodge is over $13,200, with a membership in good standing of 220. The total amount of dues owed by the members is but $198.

The committee having charge of the outing of the Lotus Literary and Debating Society, on the 25th inst., have selected Burlington Island as the place for holding the same. A programme of athletic sports, consisting of a game of base ball between two picked nines, 220 yards dash, 100 yards dash, putting the shot, hurdle race, etc., has been arranged and will aid in rendering the occasion an enjoyable one.

The general Executive Board of Knights of Labor has decided upon Toledo as the meeting place for the next session of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor. It will be held on the first Tuesday after the November election.

The good young man can be seen any day at Ocean Grove, walking mildly to the Auditorium with his best girl by his side and two hymn books in his hand. The bad young man who brushes by him on his way to the beach remarks to his companion that he would rather be set up in business with two girls and one hymn book.

John Bardsley was transferred yesterday from the county prison to the Eastern Penitentiary, and there began to serve his fifteen years' imprisonment. When he was sentenced on Thursday last, Bardsley's request for a few days respite in which to settle up his business affairs was granted by District-Attorney Graham. Bardsley will be allowed to write to his family once every four weeks, and may be visited by them once in three months.

IN AND AROUND THE COUNTY.

There were 20,000 people at Neshaminy Falls on the Fourth.

A building and Loan Association was organized at Langhorne last week.

President Harrison, last Thursday, appointed Wm. S. Wilson postmaster at Mechanicsville.

On Saturday, August 1st, there will be a race between local flyers at Doylestown for a handsomely engraved silver cup.

A new four-division school house is asked for at Somerton, the present building having been outgrown. It is to cost $12,000.

Dr. O. H. Fretz, of Quakertown, has been elected a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia.

The Curtis Sewing Machine Company will shortly remove from Bridgeport, Conn. to Pottstown, where a $50,000 plant will be put in operation.

The corner-stone for a church to be used by the Reformed and Evangelical Lutheran denominations, was laid last Sunday with appropriate exercises at Dublin, this county.

The new store building at Sellersville, formerly occupied by Allen & Marshall, has been leased by a large firm of Philadelphia cigar manufacturers, who will take possession shortly.

Joseph Fitzwater, an Upper Providence farmer, fell from the top platform of his windmill to the ground, a distance of 60 feet. He sustained two fractures of the right arm, besides a severe concussion of the brain. His recovery is not considered probable.

The castles and commanderies of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Montgomery, Berks, Delaware, Bucks and Chester counties will be held on August 29, at Iron Bridge. The order is particularly strong in the counties named and active preparations are being made for a grand conclave.

Dr. H. J. Nields, a well-known physician residing near Mozart, died on Friday of a cancerous affection of the liver. Dr. Nields was sixty-one years of age at the time of his demise, and was prominently identified with Neshaminy Castle, No. 139, K. G. E., which Society officiated at his funeral on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, formerly of Emilie, but last year of Dickinson University, of Carlisle, Pa., where he is preparing himself with a full course of theology, paid the neighborhood a visit last week in the capacity of a book agent. He is spending a part of his vacation in Bristol township and is in good health.

John Rosenberger, of Torresdale, who was committed last October to the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, has been discharged from that institution, the authorities pronouncing him cured. Mr. Rosenberger is about twenty years of age, and was sent to the hospital with a violent type of insanity, brought on by over-study.

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane was held at Norristown on Monday, and the over-crowded condition of the institution discussed, a resolution being passed asking for aid from the State Board of Public Charities. There are 964 patients in the male wards and 975 in the female.

The Bensalem W. C. T. U., met at the residence of Jesse James, July 1, '91. The meeting was well attended. Several important topics were brought before the meeting and discussed The Union was well represented at the temperance meeting held at Byberry Hall, June 28 participated in the exercises. The next meeting will be held the first Wednesday in August.

The summer meeting of the Bucks County Historical Society will be held at Yardley, on Tuesday, 21st inst. The following papers will be read: A sketch of Joseph Bonaparte, by Rev. D. K. Turner, D. D., of Hartsville; A review of the work of the society since its organization, by Alfred Paschall, and a sketch of the early history of the township of Lower Makefield, by the President of the society.

In attempting to jump from a mowing machine while in motion on Monday afternoon of last week, George W. Derry, an aged colored man, employed by Stephen Yerkes, of Warminster, was thrown to the ground with such force that his skull was crushed. He was picked up unconscious, in which state he remained until he died. The deceased was of slave parentage, but early in life was indentured to the late Stephen Yerkes, Sr., father of Hon. Harman Yerkes, and remained in the service of some member of the family until his death, on Wednesday, at the age of 72 years.

Independence Day was celebrated in a becoming manner by the patriotic citizens of the new borough of Langhorne Manor. Burgess Matlack unfurled the national flag at dawn and saluted it with a small brass cannon. Base ball, a riding tournament and a balloon ascension occupied the morning hours. In the afternoon the porches of the Manor Hotel were crowded with people desirous of listening to a speech and the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Chas. Warwick, City Solicitor of Philadelphia. Another display of horsemanship was held during the afternoon. The exercises of the day ended by a beautiful display of fireworks and a hop in the evening.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Bristol defeated the Tacony club at the home grounds on Saturday morning, in a game that abounded with inexcusable errors. Leiper pitched fine ball, the visitors only making four hits off of him, while Bristol made seventeen hits from Seeds. Leiper also made two three-baggers. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hoeding, 3b,	2	1	2	2	3
Leiper, p.,	2	2	2	5	0
Crawford, ss.,	1	1	1	2	3
Smith, rf.,	2	3	1	0	0
Mahan, 1b.,	0	2	6	0	0
Potts, c.,	2	1	12	1	2
F. McDonnell, 2b.,	1	3	1	1	2
R. Coleman, lf.,	3	3	1	0	1
Landreth, cf.,	0	1	1	1	0
Totals,	13	17	27	12	11

TACONY.

	R	H.	O.	A.	E.
W. Henry, 1b.	1	0	11	0	0
Judd, lf.	2	1	1	0	0
Gray, 2b.	0	0	2	2	0
Cooney, cf.	5	0	0	0	1
E. Henry, 3b.	2	1	2	1	0
Massey, rf. c.	1	1	3	2	0
Seeds, p.	1	0	0	3	1
Hall, ss.	0	0	1	4	2
Pierson, c. rf.	0	1	7	1	1
Totals,	10	4	27	13	5

INNINGS.

Bristol,	1	0	0	1	3	2	2	2	2	—13
Tacony,	0	3	0	0	0	3	3	0	1	—10

Earned runs, Bristol 6. Two-base hits, Smith, R. Coleman. Three-base hits, Leiper 2. Sacrifice hits, Mahan, Landreth. Bases stolen, Hoeding, Crawford, Smith. Bases on balls, by Seeds 2, by Leiper 2. Struck out, by Seeds 8, by Leiper 12. Left on bases Bristol 10, Tacony 6. Hit by pitched ball, R. Coleman, Landreth. Double plays, Landreth, Leiper, F. McDonnell, W. Henry, E. Henry. Balks, Seeds, Leiper. Passed balls, Potts 1, Pierson 2, Massey 1. Wild pitch, Seeds. Attendance, 1000. Time, 2.15. Umpire, Byers.

In the afternoon the Tioga club played the Bristol and were laid out by the Bristol club. Coleman pitched good ball in the afternoon and was caught by Potts in the first inning, who had two passed balls which enabled the visitors to score five runs, the consequence of a sprained ankle received in the morning game. Hoeding then went behind the bat and caught a good game. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hoeding, 3b. c.	4	2	7	3	0
Leiper, cf. ss.	3	3	0	0	4
Smith, ss. cf.	2	1	0	1	1
Mahan, 1b.	1	1	13	2	0
F. McDonnell, 2b.	2	0	2	1	2
Potts, c. 3b	2	1	3	3	0
R. Coleman, lf.	0	1	0	0	0
J. McDonnell, rf.	1	0	1	0	0
J. Coleman, p.	0	1	1	6	0
Totals,	15	10	27	16	7

TIOGA.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carman, ss.	2	0	1	2	2
Winters, 2b.	1	1	1	2	2
Davis, c.	1	3	9	2	0
Myers, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Bayne, p.	1	0	1	7	1
Adamson, 3b. rf.	1	1	6	2	0
Bartle, rf. 3b.	1	1	0	0	1
McBarhey, lf.	1	0	1	0	0
Essig. rf. 1b.	1	0	7	0	2
Totals,	9	6	27	15	8

INNINGS.

Bristol,	1	0	4	3	2	2	0	0	—15	
Tioga,	5	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0—	9

Earned runs, Bristol 3. Two-base hits, Potts, Hoeding. Three-base hits, Mahan, Bartle. Sacrifice hits, Leiper, R. Coleman 2. Bases stolen, Hoeding, Leiper, Smith, Mahan, F. McDonnell, Potts, R. Coleman, J. McDonnell. Bases on balls, Hoeding, Smith 2, F. McDonnell, R. Coleman, Winters, McBurney. Struck out, by Coleman 8, by Bayne 6. Left on bases, Bristol 6, Tioga 7. Hit by pitched ball, McBurney. Passed balls, Potts 2, Hoeding 5, Davis 2. Attendance, 910. Time 2.10. Umpire, Byers.

The Bristol club will play the Terra Cotta team, of Philadelphia, at the home grounds on Saturday. The boys are determined to retrieve their defeat of the 27th ult., and an exciting game is looked for.

The Morrisville base ball club will play at Langhorne on July 11th, and the Bristol club on the 18th will play at Langhorne.

Contractor John DeGroot's carpenters and Contractor Jonathan Wright's masons played a game in the afternoon of the Fourth, on the Bristol grounds, resulting in the defeat of DeGroot's carpenters by the score of 13 to 12.

THE NEW CURE FOR ANIMALS.

The rapid strides recently made in the more humane, scientific and successful treatment of the diseases of domestic animals, is not only a matter of surprise but is cause for congratulation. Not only are the old, barbarous and inhuman methods largely discarded, but diseases formerly considered incurable are found to yield as snow before the summer sun, to the mild influence of the new system. True, the people learned slowly. The firing, the drenching, the blistering and the bleeding went on in the treatment of animals long after it had disappeared in the treatment of people. But the continued advertising of Dr. Humphreys, and more than all the grand success of his Specifics in curing diseases of domestic animals, could not be withstood, until now every stockman who is up to the times uses his Veterinary Specifics. They would just as soon think to go back to the sewing needle in place of the sewing machine, or to the grain cradle in place of the reaper, or the mail coach for the telegraph, as to return to the old mode of firing, drenching and blistering in the place of Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. His veterinary book of 400 pages is sent free on application to the Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John streets, New York.

WHILE the method by which the four murderers were put to death at Sing Sing prison, N. Y., on Tuesday, was entirely successful, it must necessarily be regarded as extremely shocking.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS MEETING.

The July meeting of the Board of School Directors was held in the usual place of meeting last Thursday evening. Present, Messrs. Foster, Holt, Peters, Wilkinson, Young and Wildman president.

The minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved.

Treasurer Edward Foster reported the following receipts for the month of June: Tuition of non-residents, $2.62; fines, $4.00.

A note from Miss Matilda Booz, superintendent of the borough schools, was read, in which she declined an increase in salary during her present term of office.

The committee on supplies was instructed to procure bids for furnishing coal for the school buildings.

An order was drawn to pay interest on the sum of $3,000 which was due.

The Treasurer was, on motion, authorized to make reductions in the school taxes where an excess had been charged.

President Wildman reported having presented a certificate of graduation and a book to Ellis Radcliffe, as directed by the Board.

The monthly report of Superintendent Booz was read and filed.

The following bills were presented and ordered paid: Every Evening, advertising, $7.00; J. Quicksall, hardware, $7.82; Gazette, printing, $27.00; Penna. School Journal, $14.85; John K. Wildman, books, $3.80.

An application for the position of teacher in the schools was read and filed.

The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to inquire into the feasibility of acquiring a title in behalf of the school district of the land upon which the Wood street school house is located.

A fire-proof safe was ordered purchased to contain the records of the Board.

Being no further business the Board adjourned.

"KEEP IT OUT OF THE PAPER."

"Keep it out of the paper," is the cry which the local newspaper publisher daily hears. To oblige often costs considerable, though the party who makes the request thinks the granting scarcely worth saying "thank you" for. A newspaper is a peculiar article in the public's eye. The news gatherer is stormed at because he gets hold of one item, and is abused because he does not get another. Young men and often young women, as well as older, perform acts which become legitimate items for publication and then rush to the newspaper offices to beg the editors not to notice their escapades. The next day they condemn the same paper for not having published another party doing the same thing they were guilty of, forgetting, apparently, their late visit to the printing office. The subscribers expect to read the news, and there is always wonder when, for charity's sake, an item on the street and in everybody's mouth is not found in the next issue of the paper.—Exchange.

THE SECRET OF BIRCH'S BURLINGTON N. J. SUCCESS

Is that he caters to the demands of the masses, rather than the particular few, and makes their needs a study. Birch pays no attention to his own likes or dislikes. Some manufacturers and dealers will not handle anything only what suits their own tastes and ideas, consequently their business is very limited. There are many people of many minds and needs! there are also people with refined ideas, who would like to buy what is very fine, but have not the means to gratify their taste, but buy what they can afford. Every one has heard of the justly famed Brewster Buggy, but who ever saw a new one in Burlington Co., even with the great reputation of Brewster & Co and so long established in New York City, and with all the wealthy people in America, their sale is very limited. People could get along very well without the Brewster Buggy, but it would be utterly impossible to run America without Birch's class of goods. The above are the reasons why Birch carries in stock such an endless variety of Carriages and Harness, and all at very moderate prices.

*Cold, cough, coffin is what philosophers term "a logical sequence." One is very liable to follow the other; but by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cough will be stopped and the coffin not needed—just at present.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

The Daily Pig is the somewhat grotesque name of a journal devoted to the interests of pig iron, in Bessemer, Alabama.

Adam Smith, the economist, praises the potato as an element of national strength, and Arthur Young said of the Irish peasantry: "When I see the men athletic, and the women beautiful I cannot believe they subsist on what some writers claim to be unwholesome food."

Citizens or subjects of Belgium, France, Great Britain and Switzerland now enjoy the privilege of copyrighting publications in the United States, those countries having taken similar action in respect to American citizens. Adoption of this measure is highly creditable to the last Congress.

*With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay fever and hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Price 50 cents.

Harper & Brothers' announcement of new publications includes Hubert Howe Bancroft's Literary Industries; Rolfe's Tales from Scottish History; a life of The Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, by G. W. E. Russell; a volume of short stories entitled Iduna, and Other Stories, by Geo. A. Hibbard. A Man's Conscience, a novel by Avery MacAlpine; Farming, by R. K. Munkittrick, illustrated by A. B. Frost; the third number of Harper's School Speakers; and the library edition of Walter Besant's new story, St. Katherine's by the Tower.

HOW OFTEN

We see some young man who has squandered his money and ruined his health by excesses, and before 30 years of age is an all broken down and played out man! In all such cases I prescribe nature's tonic and nervine, Sulphur Bitters. They supply food for the brain, strengthen the nerves, and are successful in nine cases out of ten.—Old Physician.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S DOUBLE LINES TO THE SEA-SHORE.

Limited Trains to the Sea.

The most complete comprehensive schedule of trains to the seashore is now in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad's Double Lines to Atlantic City. The trains are frequent and fast, and are thoroughly equipped with handsome parlor cars and standard passenger coaches. These trains, drawn by Pennsylvania Railroad standard hard-coal burning locomotives, run over the twin tracks of the Pennsylvania Lines to the sea, down on one line and up on the other. With a clear track always ahead, with the protection of the block signal system, the greatest speed can be maintained in safety.

In order to insure absolute promptness of movement on schedule time the trains will be limited to eight cars each, and instead of making up long trains for one locomotive eight cars will be the maximum, and as many sections of eight cars will be run as the demands of travel require.

By this means the greatest comfort will be secured to the passenger.

This is the only line running limited trains to the sea.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Popular Excursions to Long Branch and Ocean Grove.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that commencing on July 7th the popular one-day excursions to Ocean Grove and Long Branch will be resumed for the season. In past years these trips have proven exceedingly popular, as well on account of the attractiveness of the points reached as the high grade on which they were conducted.

As in past seasons the route of the special trains will vary according to the day of the week, so that one may go to the upper coast several times without passing over the same line. On Wednesdays, July 15th, 22d, 29th, August 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th, the special train will leave Broad Street Station at 7.00 A. M. and run via Monmouth Junction. On Tuesdays, July 14th, 21st, 28th, and August 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, it will leave Market Street Wharf at the same hour and run via the seashore route. On Thursdays, July 16th, 23d, and 30th, and August 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th, it will leave Market Street Wharf at the same hour and run via Bordentown and Jamesburg.

The rate for the round trip to Long Branch and Ocean Grove is $1.50; children half price. On Tuesdays tickets are also sold to Whitings, Island Heights, Seaside Park, and Barnegat Pier at $1.25. This is the fisherman's opportunity. The returning special leaves all points on the coast at a convenient hour so as to deliver passengers in the city early in the evening.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canajoharie, N. Y.

25 Bond Street, New York.

Will Fight to a Finish.

As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their ten, twelve and fifteen-cent gilts.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists'.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

DANCE OF THE GHOSTS.

NO SILENT, GLIDING SPOOK, BUT A MOB OF NOISY GOBLINS.

Story of Spirits Which Banged Furniture and Seemed to Create Havoc Generally—Related by a Doctor Renowned for His Veracity and Bravery.

Dr. Wever, who lived in Screven county, this state, was a man of high and unimpeachable character as well as of brave and fearless heart. No one ever doubted his veracity or accused him of being superstitious. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, belonging to the famous "Palmetto regiment" of South Carolina, and holding the rank of first lieutenant. And he had in his possession until his death a beautiful silver sword, presented to him by the citizens of Edgefield county for his bravery at Chapultepec, Buena Vista and many other hard fought fields of Mexico.

He was a very interesting and entertaining talker, and when in a reminiscent mood it was a treat to hear him tell of his experiences in war and of many hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach.

But the most exciting story I ever heard from the doctor's lips he told several of the boys one night when we were spending the evening over at his hospital home, and the earnest and impressive way in which he related it made us involuntarily glance round into the dark corners of the room, and marred to a certain extent the pleasure of our ride home.

When he was a young man, the doctor said, he took charge of one of his father's plantations in California. There was no other white man on the place, and the negro quarter was about half a mile away from the old two story dwelling in which the overseer had been accustomed to stay. The house was in a lonely place, and many were the stories told by those who had successively attempted to live in it, of the strange, mysterious, unseen beings who would come and hold high carnival there in the deep, still hours of the night. In other words, the house was said to be haunted.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

There was an ancient and gloomy air about the place, such as usually gives rise to rumors of supernatural visitants, and to this the doctor said, together with its loneliness and the excited imaginations, perhaps of those who stayed there, he attributed all the uncanny things he had heard.

Anyhow he had never known yet what it was to be afraid, and as he had come there for the purpose of making a crop, he intended, no matter who else might dwell there in the midnight hours, to live in the house that year.

The day he moved in the former overseer and his family were taking away the last of their household goods. The doctor began to locate himself in a large room that opened on the piazza down stairs. But the overseer told him it was no use to do that, as he would be compelled to move. "For," said he, "they won't let you have any peace down here."

The doctor laughed and told him he didn't care a snap about "they," and as that room was the most convenient for his business he was going to occupy it. The man said he thought the same thing when he came there, but after the first night he and all his family moved up stairs and stayed there the rest of the time.

The doctor laughed again and fixed himself all comfortably in the large room.

That night he read for an hour or two after he had finished his supper, and then went to bed with his pistol and a box of matches within easy reach of his hand. He had been asleep he knew not how long, when he was suddenly awakened by a most terrific clashing sound, as if the whole house was falling in on him.

A FEARFUL HUBBUB.

Then, right in the room where he was, the chairs were taken up and thrown furiously against the wall, the table was overturned with fearful violence and the noise was deafening and terrific. Over him and around him, everywhere in the room, up against the ceiling and then down, as if it would go through the very floor itself, was the terrible banging and crashing of furniture.

When he first awoke so suddenly he had half raised himself in bed to listen, but he now found himself crouching down to escape, if possible, the awful havoc that was going on around him. It seemed as if twenty men were in the room tearing everything to pieces. For the first time in his life the doctor said he was scared. His hair even began to play fantastic tricks. But finally, the noise continuing with tenfold fury, he reached out easily and found the box of matches. Taking one out he struck it, expecting to see—he knew not what.

As the light flashed up he looked, and lo! everything was in its place in the room—chairs, table and furniture—just as he had left it. The noise had suddenly ceased when he struck the match, and it was now still. The air was so thick with silence that it was absolutely frightening.

He heard no more of it that night nor the next, but the third night he suddenly awoke as before with the curious noises in his ears. Again the chairs were seemingly thrown by giant hands against the wall and broken to pieces. Again it seemed as if the whole army of men were in the room knocking it asunder. And again he struck a match and found everything in its place and the silence of the grave.

TRACING THE SPIRITS.

In a week or two the doctor said he became accustomed to the strange things, and they did not affect him other than to rouse him up and keep him awake until they stopped, which was generally in a few minutes. Sometimes he would not hear it for a week, and again it would come several nights in succession.

As to what it was he was unable to say. He could not account for it in any way in the world. He examined the house and premises thoroughly, but could get no clew to the mysterious visitor. Once, and once only, he heard the noise up stairs, or at least he heard it going up the steps. It sounded like some one walking heavily with chains dragging around him.

Jumping from his bed he struck a light and thought that at least he would find out who his midnight intruder was. At the foot of the stairs there was a door, which he closed and locked, so that whatever it was it might not escape that way. Hurrying up the steps whither the noise had immediately preceded him, he searched quickly in both the rooms and found nothing.

All during the year the same thing continued. One night his cousin came over and slept with him, and was nearly frightened to death when he awoke and heard the fearful noise. Immediately they got up and together examined the whole house and place, but saw or heard nothing that would tend to explain the mystery. The doctor said from that time he could never venture in there after dark.—Atlanta Constitution.

EPICUREAN MORSELS.

In hot weather it is just as prudent to avoid veal as the sun.

It is a gastronomic fad to eat ice cream and bananas simultaneously.

Nutmeg sprinkled upon broiled ham for breakfast is a new and silly wrinkle.

Bad butter ruins more cake than many a baker dubbed "bad" and "inexperienced."

It is now asparagus season, with as many people as ever ignorant of the correct and genteel mode of eating that very palatable vegetable.

A column article in a health periodical, reduced to a few words, is that in hot weather everybody in general is better without much meat.

There are people who have visited tropical countries who say the best bananas rarely come to this country—the small ones, that are the "pride of the people."

It is, of course, the odd season that does not bring the announcement of some alleged new kind of ice cream. This season one of the declared novel kinds is called "lime juice cream," and those who have tasted of it are ready to sing its praises.

TWO FEET IN THE GRAVE

REMARKABLE STORY OF THE LIFE OF PARKES, OF ST. LOUIS.

First He Lost a Leg, Then He Lost the Other, Then an Arm—As Often as He Married a Wife She Was Killed—Now All His Relatives Are Dead.

Just as day was dawning William F. Parkes, who is nearly seventy years old, or that portion of him which still lives, was found by Henry Murphy, a grave digger, lying unconscious upon Parkes' own grave in a remote part of Calvary cemetery.

With the help of a physician he was revived after an hour's hard work.

The story of Mr. Parkes' life and his queer mania is indeed a remarkable and interesting one. Half of him is dead and buried, but in the rosewood coffin which he purchased himself there is still room enough for the rest of him when life passes away.

Mr. Parkes was born in a suburb of Detroit a little less than seventy years ago. His father was well to do.

When but twenty years old he married Bessie Woodruff, whom he had known since infancy. This was but the commencement of his matrimonial career.

Mr. Parkes lost his first wife a year after he married her, and shortly after her death he met with his first accident. While riding a half broken colt one day the horse suddenly shied and threw him to the ground, breaking his left leg. The surgeon who was called to attend him set the leg wrong, and it was necessary to break it again. The operation was not a success, and blood poisoning set in.

After a lengthy consultation the physicians decided to cut the leg entirely off.

The doctors wanted to take the pieces of the leg to dissect, but young Parkes insisted that they should be buried. After much arguing his wish was gratified, his leg being buried in a neighboring cemetery.

When Parkes finally recovered he married his dead wife's sister, who had nursed him during his long illness. Mr. Parkes decided to go to Saratoga Springs for his health and take his young bride with him. He was never to reach the place.

When half way to his destination the sleeping car that carried him and his wife jumped the track, and a disastrous wreck occurred. Mr. Parkes' remaining leg was crushed and mangled, and he was taken from the wreck unconscious. Clasped tightly in his arms was his young bride, but she was dead.

Young Parkes' father was hastily notified, and he insisted that his son should be brought home.

For many long hours the best surgeons that could be procured labored to save his remaining leg. At the end they were compelled to amputate the leg close to the body. The grave was opened and the leg buried with the other, leaving Mr. Parkes a man without legs.

He was now almost entirely helpless, and for a year he remained in his father's house, almost without a hope and longing for death. Summer came and a unique wheel chair was made for Mr. Parkes, and he propelled himself for short distances about the neighborhood.

Among the boarders at an adjoining farm was Miss Bessie White. She was a consumptive and had but one arm, that member having been crushed by a fall. Her father was wealthy and she had considerable money in her own right. Young Parkes met her. They both were unfortunate and their feelings were akin. Three weeks afterward they were married by the village parson.

Parkes' life seemed to brighten, and for two years—the brightest of his life—he lived with his wife in Detroit. Then her fatal disease asserted itself, and after a lingering illness of three months she died. She left him $20,000 and a little baby girl.

Parkes went back to his father's house sad and entirely dejected. He hired a nurse for his baby and determined to devote the remainder of his life to her welfare.

The nurse, a widow named Mrs. Maria Lawler, was still young and handsome. Parkes fell in love with her and soon asked her to become his wife. She refused, but for six months he fought his suit with such persistence that he conquered, and they were married by a Catholic priest, Mrs. Lawler having been brought up in that denomination.

Mr. Parkes bought a neat little cottage near his father's farm, and in it he installed his wife and child. A few months afterward his father became very ill, and young Parkes remained constantly beside his bed.

One night when he was watching his dying father, a servant whom he had hired came home to his cottage intoxicated, upset a kerosene lamp in his room and set the house afire. Mrs. Parkes and the baby were sleeping soundly, and before assistance arrived they were both smothered to death. Just as the sad news was brought to Mr. Parkes, who sat at his father's bedside, his aged parent raised himself, uttered a few incoherent words, and fell back—dead.

Parkes' father and his wife and child were buried on the same day. It was a sad day for Parkes.

After the graves had been covered and the last sad words spoken Parkes was placed in a carriage to be taken to a now utterly cheerless home. As the carriage was crossing some railroad tracks an engine came screeching along, the horses became mad with fright, and despite the efforts of the driver they dashed down the road at headlong speed. Parkes was with in utterly helpless. Suddenly the carriage collided with a tree, smashing the vehicle, instantly killing the driver and throwing Parkes out, breaking his left arm in two places and crushing it.

He was carried home unconscious, and when he was himself again the doctors had amputated the arm close to the shoulder. It was buried with the other portions of Mr. Parkes.

For many years he remained in his mother's house, passing the time the best he could. His mother died, and shortly afterward he sold the farm and came to St. Louis. He bought the little cottage he now owns and determined to pass the remainder of his life there.

When he was settled he purchased a handsome rosewood coffin, placed it in his parlor, and sent for the remainder of his body. When they arrived he purchased a dress suit, dressed the legs in the trousers, the arm in one coat sleeve, and placed them in the coffin in their natural positions. The rest of the suit he is saving until the rest of him is dead.

Once a week Parkes determined he would visit his own grave, decorate it, and keep it in good order. He had a little chair made, so he could propel himself by turning a crank.

On his second trip to his grave Mr. Parkes was run over by a runaway horse, and his left shoulder was severely injured. The doctors were compelled to take out a bone and cut away a large portion of the flesh.—St. Louis Chronicle.

The idea of the G. A. R. originated in the mind of an officer of the Fourteenth Illinois infantry, Major Benjamin Franklin Stephenson. He thought of it before the war ended, while serving under General Sherman in one of his rapid expeditions.

Sir William Siemen's method of applying electric light to grow flowers and fruit by night or on cloudy days has been employed with good success on board a West Indian steamer to keep alive exotic vines and other plants.

Fun in Town Meeting.

A town warrant was tacked upon the school house door in a neighboring town recently ordering a town meeting for some issue therein stated. Some wag, noticing it, added among the articles of the meeting, "And to see how much the town will appropriate to have Jim Blank's hair cut," meaning a well known character whose hair had never been cut. The article was read by the moderator in a businesslike manner with the rest, and he inquired what action would be taken on it before he discovered anything wrong. Jim was there himself, and it was all the town could do to keep him from cleaning them all out.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

ALONE.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above;
All round I hear gray waters moan—
Alas for vanished love!

"O lonely life that presseth on
Across these wastes of years,
Where are the guiding pilots gone—
Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind;
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet Love gone,
There is no hand that steers.
—Philip Bourke Marston in New York Truth.

Optical Lanterns.

For exclusively parlor use a good lantern may be obtained for $15, which will give a picture 6 or 8 feet in diameter. For $25 one may purchase a sciopticon suitable for use in small halls and capable of producing a picture 10 or 12 feet across. A sciopticon of the highest class, with an oil lamp or lime jet, would cost $100 or more, and would give a picture 20 feet in diameter at a distance of 125 feet. A pair of sciopticons used together for dissolving views form a piece of apparatus known as a stereopticon. Prices of stereopticons range from $50 to $500, and a triple lantern, used for fancy effects, will cost you from $150 to $1,000, according to the needs of your business. For hall exhibitions, however, the low priced lantern does all the work of a high class one, and a pair of good $25 sciopticons may be used very effectively in dissolving.

About lantern screens. A clean white wall is an ideal surface upon which to project a lantern image. Next to this a tightly drawn muslin sheet without wrinkles. Paper with a dead finish makes a good screen, but it is apt to be lacking in durability. If it is desired to place the lantern behind the screen, as in the case of the screen being in a large doorway, with the lantern in one room and the spectators in the other, it should be stretched very tight and thoroughly wet to make it translucent. This plan, however, I do not recommend, as the cloth will not permit all the light to pass through.—Entertainment.

Some Old Georgia Superstitions.

Here is a contribution in the shape of folk lore gossip as heard among the Georgia crackers. It is a survival of the old English superstitions.

When it is ebb tide the slits in a cat's eyes are horizontal; when it is flood tide they are vertical. Kill a frog and it will rain hard for three days. If a cock walks in at the door, turns around and crows, he announces a death in the family. Potatoes will not thrive unless they are planted in the dark of the moon, and a child born at the full of the moon will be a boy.

If you open an umbrella in a house the only person present will die, and the same thing will happen if you hang a coat or hat on a door knob or a door bell. It is not wise to set a hen during a certain part of August, because the life of the world is at its lowest then. If two persons going hand in hand meet an obstacle which divides them the one on the left will go to hell and the one on the right to heaven.

If you drop a pair of scissors and one point sticks in the floor a visitor will come from the direction toward which the other leg is extended. A child that has never seen its father can cure whooping cough by blowing down the patient's throat. To get rid of freckles count them and put an equal number of pebbles into a paper. Whoever steps on the paper will get the freckles.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Spectral Light.

"One stormy night in October," said a well known railroad conductor recently, "I was in mortal fear that the bridges, of which there are a good many on the line, would be washed away by the swollen rivers. Fortunately we passed nearly all of them safely, but just as we drew near the last bridge I happened to be crossing from one car to another and noticed a strange, weird looking blue light dancing up and down in front of the train. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I rang the bell and brought the train to a stop. The engineer, brakeman and I then set out to discover the cause of the light, but it had entirely disappeared and not a trace of it was left. We went down the track as far as the bridge, and found that it had been completely washed away by the stream, which was swollen, only a few timbers remaining to bear evidence that a bridge had once spanned the stream. We were kept there for over two days, until another bridge could be built, and, although the other trainmen laugh at me for it, I earnestly believe that that spectral blue light was placed by a divine Providence to save us from an awful fate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Village Lamplighter.

In some surburban villages the lamplighter makes his rounds in a sulky. He may not have a greater number of lamps to light than his city brother, but it may be that they are further apart, and to get over the ground in time he must drive. He does not carry the inclosed torch that is commonly used in the city, for he doesn't need it; driving up under the lamp, he is, when standing in the sulky, high enough above the ground to reach the burner, and he lights the gas with a match.—New York Sun.

The ray, or skate fish, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

Probably the liveliest railway junction in the world is at Clapham, in England, where the London, Brighton and South Coast and the London and Southwestern railways cross. Between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 at night, 1,000 trains pass this junction—an average of one every fifty-four seconds.

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting, and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Clouds consist simply of water divided into minute globules or drops. They differ in no essential respect from the steam emitted by a tea kettle, or the mists and fogs that fill river valleys at sunrise. These forms of water are all produced in the same way.

*Have you seen the Mrs. Cleveland Canopy Top Buckboard, manufactured by Birch, Burlington, N. J.? It beats anything for style, as a summer vehicle, that ever was produced. The only way to try to excell it would be to get an air line to one of the other planets, and see what they have there.

For Boils, Pimples
carbuncles, scrofulous sores, eczema, and all other blood diseases, take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
It will relieve and cure dyspepsia, nervous debility, and that tired feeling.
Has Cured Others will cure you.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." Carlos Martyn, D. D., New York City, Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Edwin F. Pardee, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, clo[udy], or [dirty]?

Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend. The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow.

High-colored?

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. CURES. PRICES.
1 Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation... .25
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... .25
3 Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants .25
4 Diarrhea, of Children or Adults... .25
5 Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic... .25
6 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting... .25
7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis... .25
8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache... .25
9 Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo .25
10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach... .25
11 Suppressed or Painful Periods. .25
12 Whites, too Profuse Periods... .25
13 Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing... .25
14 Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions. .25
15 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... .25
16 Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria... .50
17 Piles, Blind or Bleeding... .50
19 Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head .50
20 Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs... .50
24 General Debility, Physical Weakness .50
27 Kidney Disease... .50
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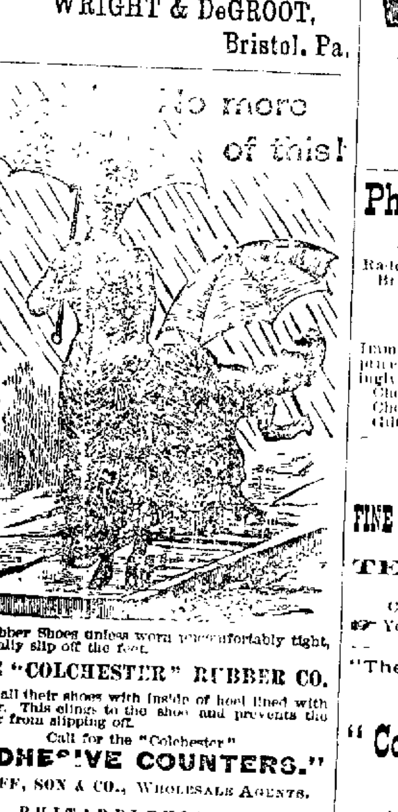

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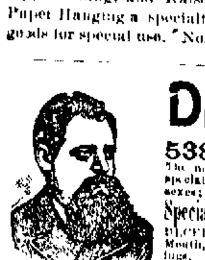
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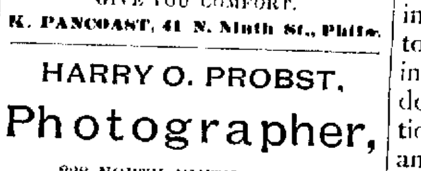

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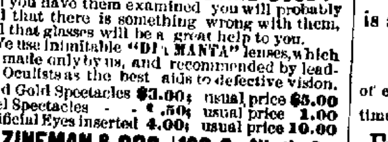

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